The Commonweal

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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THE DEFENSE OF DEMOCRACY

THE SECOND inauguration of President Roosevelt is proceeding as this issue of THE COMMONWEAL goes to press. The address which the President will make, therefore, cannot now be discussed, but there are certain outstanding aspects of the great event now proceeding in Washington which impress themselves deeply, quite apart from what the President will say in his inaugural message. Fortunately for the nation, and, we believe, for the world, eloquent as the President is, and effective as his oratory may be, he is a doer of deeds rather than a mere manipulator of language, and his policies as the Chief Executive of the nation can, therefore, be clearly judged, and accepted or rejected, by practical tests. So it has been during the first four years of his administration; so it seems certain to be during the four critical years which now begin their course.

Even although we must wait to learn what special message to the people will be delivered by President Roosevelt, we know in advance, with deep satisfaction, that his address, and the inaugural ceremonies as a whole, and, consequently, all the tremendous consequences which will proceed from these events, were placed within the beneficent influence of religion. This is the great wholesome tradition of the American Republic.

The separation of Church and State in our country is a sound, practical policy; but it is not, as it has so unhappily become elsewhere, a policy of the denial, still less of opposition to, the primary place in the nation's life of faith in God. On the contrary, upon faith in God, and the recognition of men's dependence upon God as man's creator, and the source of his being, rests the whole structure of our national institutions. As Professor Louis J. A. Mercier recently pointed out, in a lecture delivered at Notre Dame University, our American political philosophy, on which is based the only political philosophy which

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is working well today, has its roots in the philosophical system of dualism which the Christian religion, through the Catholic Church, finds acceptable, and which provides the one adequate basis for a society recognizing and guarding human liberties. Professor Mercier pointed out that the American system is based upon the premise that man is endowed with certain inalienable rights given to him by God. That premise is laid down in the Declaration of Independence. It is basic to the Constitution. It informs our main national tradition. While it is operative in American thought, our liberties are safe. The denial of it by the governments of so many other nations today has been the main reason for the crisis which has convulsed the world.

The reaffirmation of that premise by President Roosevelt, made by him on many occasions, is basic to his own basic thought and, therefore, is not mere lip service, but an accepted reality. And it was expressed once more at his inauguration through the benediction invoked by the Right Reverend Monsignor John A. Ryan, D. D., of the Catholic University, and the Director of the National Catholic Welfare Conference's department of Social Action. It was a most happy and appropriate choice to select Monsignor Ryan for this occasion. All believers in God, whether they be Protestants, Jews, or Catholics—and who, in the United States, make up the great majority of our citizens — are concerned fundamentally in the preservation of religious belief, not merely individually, or on behalf of the interests of these organized groups, but also as citizens. Representatives of all these groups, from time to time, are called upon to affirm the fundamental truths of religion on great public occasions. And nothing can be more certain, we believe, than that Monsignor Ryan, last Wednesday, spoke not only as a clergyman of the Catholic Church but was the spokesman for all that mass of American citizens who in spite of denominational differences are firmly united in a belief in God, and in the faith that only a belief in God as the primary force in life can possible provide a sure and lasting basis for the political and economic system of a society of free men. The denial of that faith leads swiftly and surely to tyranny and slavery. Not so long ago the truth of this inevitable conflict between religious and anti-religious first principles was hidden from nearly all the people, except for a few philosophers and theologians. Religion had been relegated to the background of public affairs. It was being carried on languidly and, generally speaking, in a perfunctory spirit, as a special, and insignificant, department of human life. But now the whole world has been rudely awakened to the truth that upon the views which men hold concerning God: or whether there is a God, or not, all other things depend—all other views, all other opinions, all other thoughts and, therefore, all the actions which proceed from thought.

We think, therefore, that it is our duty to record for our own readers, who for many years now have supported this journal in its ceaseless efforts to maintain, and to extend the influence of, this primary truth, the text of Monsignor Ryan's invocation at President Roosevelt's inauguration. It was as follows:

> "Almighty God, ruler of nations, bless, we beseech Thee, the people of the United States and their President. Inspire our lawmakers to safeguard and promote the priceless goods of virtue, liberty, peace and justice; virtue, that we may hearken to Thy everlasting ordinances; liberty, that we may be safe from foreign aggression and domestic despotism; peace, that we may enjoy concord among ourselves and with all the nations of the earth; justice that all our citizens, even the poorest and lowliest, may be able to live in a manner worthy of persons made in Thy own image and likeness.
>
> "Most fervently we pray Thee, O God of infinite wisdom and power, to direct and assist the leadership of the man who has just now assumed for a second term the great office of the Presidency. Do Thou grant him, O Lord, the light and strength to carry on the work that he has so well begun, and to pursue untiringly his magnificent vision of social peace and social justice."

That our readers will only be a small portion of the great, the overwhelming, majority of American citizens who will join, in action as well as in words, in making this prayer their own, we are convinced. This does not at all mean that we expect, or desire, unanimous approval and support of all the administration's policies, in detail. Certainly not. Honest opposition may often be the best form of cooperation in democratic processes. But that our country is committed, under the President, and through him, to a great defense of essential democracy, is, we think, obvious. The success of that effort means not only the preservation of our own liberties, but at least greater hope for human liberties everywhere.

Week by Week

ONCE more a day of inaugural ceremonies has marked a page in American history. It does not open very auspiciously. No definite progress towards a solution of the General Motors strike was reached, and it became apparent that the issues involved very considerably transcended the limitations of hours, wages and unionization. Upon the outcome may

The Trend of Events

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depend the route that organized labor will follow henceforth. Will the workers seek control through political action? Or will they continue to sponsor the ideology of the American Federation? While this question was being asked, the President proposed another conundrum. Ought the relations between government and public welfare be the concern of an "unwritten Constitution"—that is, of precedents established by liberalized courts—or should an amendment state very clearly what extension of the federal powers is to be made? A sharp division of opinion on this important subject has manifested itself during recent weeks, and there are good arguments on both sides. It is obvious that the problem cannot be genuinely and satisfactorily settled unless there is energetic discussion before all forums of public opinion. Finally Mr. Roosevelt has cut deep into a tangle of conventions and assumptions by sponsoring a program for the reform of the administrative departments. This is undoubtedly one of the most interesting and far-reaching suggestions made in a long while, and it ought to provoke a good deal of useful debate during coming months. At all events, things are moving. One's civic duty is not to try to halt the drift but to determine the point to which it is to carry the nation.

Travelers' Hazard

FIVE commercial plane accidents within two weeks have led to a pretty general agreement that something is wrong with American aviation. There has been a good deal of shrewd, well-informed newspaper comment, some of it urging rigid government supervision and some of it concerned with engineering progress. No doubt unusual weather has been an important factor in these tragedies. The Far West has been living through a winter without a precedent since air travel was introduced, and pilots seem unable to adjust themselves psychologically to the change. Again, some of the landing fields have apparently been designed solely for bright, clear skies—and to satisfy the human appetite for scenic charm. Perhaps mechanical equipment has not been adequate to cope with these handicaps. Some authorities appear to feel, at least, that guesswork rather than stern scientific carefulness has been the rule. Nevertheless, these faults are not glaring ones, even though the loss of life is shocking. The really puzzling thing is that one accident did not frighten everybody into a state of extreme caution, leading for example to the cancellation of trips in heavy weather. Why did each company remain so deplorably confident of the safety assured by its own routine? This query leads one to believe that uniform minimum standards established by law are imperative. If they were expertly devised and rigidly insisted upon, improvement would probably follow. The fact remains none the less that a fool-proof system of air travel is still a dream, and its realization may have to be postponed for some time to come.

I Do Not Choose

HEYWOOD BROUN, who has been remarkably reticent about the General Motors strike, probably because he is well known as a friend and supporter of John L. Lewis and the C.I.O., made the very true statement in one of his recent columns that "From time to time much is said about the right of the individual worker to join a union or stay out of it. His choice is pictured as affecting nobody but himself." Mr. Broun states, and again with great sense, "That is not true." There is certainly not much hope of reforming the set-up of industrialism so long as employees in mass production industries maintain the economic individualism that has vitiated and does vitiate liberal capitalism in general. The ideal of collective bargaining is a limited ideal which can hardly be held up as an ultimate goal of reform, but neither that nor any further progress toward a resolution of industrial and economic conflicts and a more organic society can be reached until at least the workers in such an industry do their logical part in coming together in reasonable unity. One section of publicity experts would have us believe that the U.A.W. is one rather ruthless union that wants to force membership and dues on automobile workers and impose a monopoly on their representation. This problem of union monopoly, a different problem, does not genuinely arise when there is no other union in the field. It cannot arise very acutely, either, when the union has as deliberately unformed a philosophy as the U.A.W. has. It certainly can become a desperate problem when the strongest union embraces a strict Marxism or Syndicalism or Catholicism or something else. But in that difficult time, no solution could possibly come from the worker who at the beginning is deciding simply that he chooses to stay out.

Exercises in Naturalism

NATURALISM is voguish just now in practically all English-speaking countries, but Ireland appears to be most affected. Since the days of James Joyce's earliest success one young Catholic writer after another has produced fiction with seemingly no more regard for propriety than a cat has for mice. The theme of lust replaces the theme of reticence with more boisterousness than is good either for art or for the soul. Therewith arise problems of real import. To what extent is "naturalism" in this sense compatible with Catholic purpose at all? Replying, one must bear in mind that underneath lies a change in aesthetic outlook which, in view of the

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previous century, seems hardly avoidable. Our forefathers wrote idealistically, with a fondness for heroic form. Their heroes triumphed either by physical prowess or innate nobleness. We grew tired of seeing things in that perspective, and began to write meanly, realistically, and finally naturalistically. Of course the reaction has gone too far. Of course a Joycean hero is as ridiculous as is the swashbuckling lover of yore. Yet the effort to forbid all Catholic uses of the naturalistic method must, if it is well-informed, take into account that the fiat would probably deprive Catholics of all participation in effective modern creative writing. That would be deplorable. On the other hand, one can hardly deny that naturalism exacts almost infinitely much of the Catholic. Yes, he can accept the fact that life must now be for him not an example, a vision of possibilities, but a manifesto of grossness. But he must reckon fully with the effect of contact with grossness upon himself and others. He must see that the very odor of lust is a bearer of disease. It must be his constant thought that only the saints have looked on Beelzebub unafraid. For all this no awareness of "Catholic puritanism" is an impressive substitute. To be sure, the number of those who crave sweetness and light is greater than, in view of the manly virtues, it ought to be. Yet that deplorable circumstance alone will not much help one who wanders alone in the ultimate darkness.

Poor Richard, Pedagogue

ALL SUCCESSFUL government, and in particular all popular government, must exist by balancing. Ordinary men go along pretty much in the pattern of their individual wishes, needs, tastes, abilities; but the good governor has this in common with the theologian, that he must see the truth wherever it is to be found. There is truth in the most radical distortions of life—and, equally strange to say, there is also a truth, a justification, in the most reactionary. In the case of the relief programs evolved to meet the economic crisis, there has been a good deal of intolerant and irrational criticism directed against government giving, by people who have not bothered to suggest alternatives. But the triumphant demonstration of their intolerance and irrationality does not obviate one little fact about the matter—that they are, in one sense, right. They are right to decry giving, and the stress on giving, and the habit thereby created in the recipient of taking the giving for granted. Hundreds of thousands of upright, high-charactered people, of course, have emerged from the test of receiving with their moral fibers unimpaired; but they would be the first to agree, we are sure, that relief is a dangerous business. All this may seem a rather round-about introduction to the statement that Dr. Harold E. Campbell, New York's Superintendent of Schools, has just issued certain directions of which we approve to the city's teachers. But there is really a direct and vital connection between classrooms and citizenship, which Dr. Campbell is to be praised for stressing. He points out the very real danger "that large numbers of our people will come to take the view that it is no longer necessary to work and save," and adds that the task of prevention, "particularly among our youth," is one of the most important today. As a preliminary to the working out of a positive program in cooperation with "representatives of business and labor," New York teachers are to stress "hard work, independence and thrift," with ample references to Franklin's "Autobiography." Much can be done in this way.

It Still Is Stranger

THE AMATEUR photographer is one of the sturdiest props of detective fiction. He and his camera are always turning up when the waning resources of Scotland Yard have brought the case to an *impasse*: taking shots of footmarks which turn out to be the murderer's, or other shots of the banquet hall showing a waiter stealing the necklace as he bends over ostensibly to remove the soup, or revealing that a guest at the Lord Mayor's table is really the felon in disguise. However, nothing ever quite takes the edge off one's pleasure at discovering fact following dutifully after fiction, even though fact does so often enough to warrant its being called a habit. It is with unaffected interest, therefore, that we read of the amateur photographer who has just solved a London murder, quite according to the formulas. An elderly landlady was killed, and two former lodgers, a man and a woman, were being hunted as suspects. Scotland Yard had no adequate descriptions of them, and no clew at all save a label dropped from the dress of the woman. The clerk who had sold the dress could not recall her appearance, and the disappointed inspector was leaving the shop, when (just as at the end of chapter 6) the photographer snapped him. Conversation revealed that he had been taking views of passersby for months, just for the fun of the thing, and so his entire stock of snapshots—several thousands in all—was run off on a screen set up in Scotland Yard for the benefit of the dead landlady's neighbors. The guilty couple were recognized in one of them, their descriptions broadcast, and they themselves brought in shortly afterward. No neater or more accommodating set of accidents has ever been evolved by any author with the whole cupboard of coincidence at his disposal; indeed, as usual, life has added a touch of excess excluded from the fiction. What fictioneer would dare plant his amateur photographer at one point and keep him there for months?

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THE REVENUE ACT OF 1936

By JOHN A. LOFTUS

NOW THAT November's tumult and shouting have more or less died and Congress is again at it, we can turn an interested eye to the allegedly "most cock-eyed piece of tax legislation that was ever passed." Of course, the Revenue Act of 1936, which for practical purposes means the Undistributed Profits Tax, is not the only factor to command attention in the contemporary tax-situation; but it is the most interesting and doubtless the most important. There are others. For instance, there is the trend to discriminatory taxation against chain-stores; which trend received a setback from the Supreme Court in the Iowa case; the eventual implications of that setback are not yet known. There is the matter of gasoline taxes; the petroleum people, with considerable validity, point out that the extremely high rates prevailing in most states constitute an effectual discrimination against their industry in its race for a share of the consumer's dollar; and they object to the appropriation of gasoline tax-funds for purposes other than that of road-building and road-maintenance. There is the question raised recently by hospital directors and other guiding spirits in the realm of private philanthropy, as to the wisdom of the very high prevailing Federal estates and gift taxes, since a definite downward trend (they say) is observable in the volume of private endowments for charitable institutions; if such a trend really does exist, it is high time to make sure about its desirability, because the momentous alternative is Government subsidization of hospitals, orphanages, medical research centers, etc.

Again, there is the issue of social security taxation; much irrelevant argument is heard as to the probable incidence of such taxes, whether the tax can be passed on to the consumer, and so forth; more important is the broader truth that these taxes constitute a penalization of labor costs, and hence tend to accentuate the trend to mechanization in industry and thus to render the problem of technological unemployment increasingly acute; moreover, any penalization of labor costs is necessarily a differential penalization of industries turning out competitive products — when labor costs run to about 60 percent of total costs in the anthracite coal industry, and to only about 20 percent in the fuel oil industry, it is easy to see where the advantage lies.

And there are still other more complex problems of equity and economic wisdom tied up in the manifold ramifications of our tax system. But the most prominent question at the moment is that of the Undistributed Profits Tax. It is particularly prominent just now because the first impact of its operations has just been felt in the unprecedented wave of dividend-distributions in the past two months. From the 1st of November to the 4th of December, some $993,000,000 of dividend payments were declared—a sum far exceeding any previous recorded total, and a sum whose bulk is in some not ascertainable degree due to the provisions of the tax bill. Another reason for the prominence of the tax at this moment is that the discerning are unanimously predicting agitation for its drastic revisal.

There is no need, at this late date, to restate the specific provisions of the bill; it is presumedly familiar to all. This article will attempt merely to list, with a minimum of comment, the arguments that have been advanced for and against the measure in the compromise form in which it eventually passed through Congress.

Here, first, are the current objections to the law, grouped rather roughly by the author:

Effects on the tax-system: The act, instead of producing a much-needed simplification of our tax structure, incontinently complicates things and makes confusion more confused. It leaves the federal revenues dubious and incalculable in advance. (A little experience with the law may strip this argument of its cogency.) It is a fiscal stab in the dark, since federal authorities confessedly do not have exact knowledge as to the percentage of profits distributed by large corporations as a group and by small corporations as a group.

The "small business" and "rainy day" chain of arguments (these are far and away the most bandied about): The tax represses the growth of small industrial units by the time-honored path of a plowing-back of earnings policy; tearful allusions are made to the impossibility of any business now following the example of the automobile industry. (The obvious and valid retort is that the tax does not make such expansion impossible; it merely dissuades the management from plunging into expansion without the consent of the stockholders, secured by the frank and official means of a new stock-offering; and of course the law allows a moderate amount of saving of corporate profits without the payment of an extortionate tax.) It penalizes heavily the building of reserves—this is the "rainy-day" argument stripped of its climatic metaphor. It incites to reckless distribution of corporate profits, and so it encourages improvidence (shades of Benjamin Franklin!). It creates special difficulties for the

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corporation that wishes either to reduce its indebtedness or to make up a deficit. It freezes tax-paid reserves, because the tax-cost to a corporation of accumulating a fresh reserve fund will prompt it to hold on to what it has.

Inequities created by the law: It is a differential penalization of the capital goods industries to the advantage of the consumers goods group; the funds that might have otherwise gone to the capital goods units for plant-expansion contracts, now will go to the stockholders to be spent on dry Martinis and other ephemeral commodities. (It remains to be seen whether there will be any lessening of the aggregate sum spent for capital improvements; so far the reserve seems to be the case.) Since the new tax is a two-edged weapon, aimed to snag corporate profits either at the source or else in the personal income reports of the dividend-recipients, it will drive capital from productive enterprises into tax-exempt securities. It imposes a double taxation on dividends paid out of reserves that may henceforth be accumulated, since the corporation pays the undistributed profits tax when it enters any part of a year's profits to reserves, and the stockholder pays a personal income tax when he receives a dividend out of those reserves in some later year of business-recession. If some or all of the profits of any year are retained in the corporate treasury, the corporation is taxed, hence each stockholder is taxed pro rata; and this is inequitable to the small stockholder who would be in too low an income-bracket to have any personal tax to pay if the profits were distributed in dividends.

The statistician's objections: This tax makes the analysis of industrial stocks on an earnings-per-share basis a very precarious undertaking, since nothing definite can be said about the status of any corporation until after the dividend-policy for the entire year has been officially announced. Similarly, there is constant uncertainty, until late November of each year, as to the net standing (after taxes) of any corporation. The investment analyst and the corporate treasurer, both, will find the factor of non-cash income (e.g., receivables) a source of worry and bewilderment.

The "social consequences" line of argument: It is alleged that the tax will make the incidence of future depressions more acute and widespread, in fact will accentuate the whole business cycle; because the generous disbursements in boom times will encourage a speculative boom (just as if swollen corporate treasuries were a preventive of speculative booms—but then '29 was such a long time ago!); and also because recession will entail a more drastic stoppage of dividends and hence more abrupt curtailment of personal incomes, as well as a quicker lay-off of labor.

The "rugged individual" arguments: The tax interferes with the autonomy of management. (What a pity!) It will necessitate more frequent recourse to new stock-issues for purposes of expansion, and hence will subject the uses of capital inordinately to SEC supervision.

The arguments in favor of the law are fewer and simpler. Fortunately for proponents of the tax, arguments are to be weighed, not counted. One compelling line of defense stressed by the President is that the tax will overcome the tax-evasion tactics of large and dominant shareholders who, under the old arrangement, saw to it that all but a convenient proportion of their profit was retained in the corporate treasury where it found temporary sanctuary from the personal income taxation-bogey. Another and most important general line of defense is to point out that this tax is a unit in the administration's coherent policy of doing everything possible to stimulate and augment consumer purchasing power, to weight the consumer-sector of the economic front so that it may serve as a counter-balance to the top-heavy financial sector, to encourage spending as the stimulus of production, and therefore to take practical steps towards making spending possible; and, it is argued, since this policy is so economically wise, the tax (which is part and parcel of the policy) is also wise.

However, the fundamental line of defense for the Undistributed Profits Tax, the line followed by those who wish to face the basic issues frankly, consists in a demonstration that it is socially desirable to put an end to the various abuses that became associated with the large corporation's power to accumulate capital funds. In other words, whether you think this tax wise or not depends on whether you think it desirable that a small group of dominant corporate directors should have the authority to determine, without even the formality of a referendum, the direction which the bulk of American capital is to take.

There are various alleged and publicized reasons for the retention of corporate profits in the business. One is that it helps to stabilize dividend payments throughout the business cycle. The answer is that it doesn't. For the one solitary conspicuous example we have of an enterprise that was able to maintain dividend payments despite current losses (the A. T. & T.) there are dozens upon dozens of cases where dividends were cut by anywhere from 25 percent to 100 percent, even though massive reserve funds had been accumulated prior to the depression. International Harvester is outstanding for aiding the collapse of this cliché. Stable dividends from an enterprise forming part of an unstable and cyclical economic régime represent a Utopian (or fraudulent) appeal to the credulous. The money that piled up in corporate treasuries was not paid out in dividends, and never will be. It went into expansion of plant, which of course with its mainte-

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nance charges proved a boomerang in the depression. Or it went into the investment market, where it went through wholesale liquidation when that market collapsed.

Another reason given with admirable eloquence by security salesmen is that retained profits enhance proportionately the value of stock. No comprehensive study has ever been made to show statistically that this contention is false; but the fallacy in it is patent to anyone who surveys even casually any standard index of stock-prices. Still another reason commonly alleged is that retention of profits facilitates the expansion of economic units. This is true, of course. In fact, expansion is facilitated too much. That is the whole point. A corporation that expands through retention of earnings expands with no sanction beyond the untrammeled judgment of the directors. Sometimes it works, as it did (though with tragic exeptions here and there) in the automobile industry. But many times it doesn't work, and the expansion proves to have been unjustified by the market conditions, and the episode has to be closed with a huge write-down of assets (as when U. S. Steel wrote off $250,000,000, more or less, with a nonchalant gesture). But whether it works or not, it is an arrogation of the stockholder's rights; it leaves him no choice as to how *his* earning, *his* profits are to be disposed of—although he still has the melancholy privilege of selling out his interest in the enterprise.

Behind these alleged reasons, often enough, there are other less admirable actual reasons operating: e.g., a desire to squeeze some unwelcome water out of the stock; a desire to ease the financial management of the corporation through those troublesome depression periods that just will come; a desire to indulge managerial megalomania. Even if such less worthy motives are not present, the free accumulation of corporate surpluses: (a) Opens the path to unwise or vicious managerial decisions; (b) exposes the stockholder's funds, without his consent, to the automatic dissolvent forces of business recession; (c) gambles the stockholder's funds on the normally unlikely prospect of there being a maintained or increased profit-rate on a higher book-value; (d) makes corporate accounting a maze of overlapping and unintelligible and often ridiculous reserve appropriations, behind which, one is tempted to fear, there may lurk a deal of chicanery. Dr. McCabe, in a recent article in the *Annalist,* developed this point with a number of astonishing examples.

It may be pointed out in conclusion that: (1) The law is a combination of fiscal and regulatory action, but the two are mutually exclusive to a certain extent. If the regulatory purpose—distribution of profits—is achieved, fiscal revenues may possibly prove disappointing if not actually inadequate; if it is not achieved, if the corporations resolve to resist despite the cost of resistance, then at least the government will get the consolation prize of an unusually abundant tax-revenue. (2) It remains to be seen what the legal mind can accomplish in the way of interpreting the law to the advantage of corporate interests—whether the courts will accede to a legal process of taking the teeth out of this regulatory instrument.

DISTRACTIONS OF A LITURGIST

By MARY ELIZABETH MAGENNIS

A WHILE ago in an article I publicly confessed to certain distractions in church and was quite properly told by one correspondent that I should be ashamed of myself, that if I knew anything at all I should have plenty to occupy my mind, and that if I knew nothing, I could discover everything needful in such-and-such a book. I still think one can try to follow the Mass or other ceremony and yet be distracted. Of course it may have been an error of judgment to publish this quite human weakness, but after all, distractions which take several paragraphs to describe may be confined to only a few seconds of time stolen from earnest concentration on the matter in hand.

Whether or not it is a case of post hoc ergo propter hoc, since that unregenerate era I have made serious efforts to understand the liturgy, and to study active participation in the ceremonials of the Church. I knew that half my distractions proceeded from following only the Ordinary of the Mass and being consumed with curiosity as to what was keeping the priest so long at the epistle side of the altar on so many occasions. Aided by the good example of several young friends in Catholic colleges, I procured a missal, and at that point the tale begins.

Now I can listen sharply for the first word of each day's introit and the various collects and really follow the Mass of the day. For some time I was puzzled because my collects did not always correspond with those of the priest, until a kind friend spoke of the "Ordo," which lists everything for each day in correct order. I must admit that I have not yet made the necessary journey to procure a copy, but at least my mind is at rest know-

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ing that there is an explanation for any divergences, and I proceed with collects and secrets in my own way resolving to do it exactly right at some very near date.

And yet even while using the missal carefully, the possibility of distraction is still present. There are always the ribbons to be untangled and the thin pages to be pushed, blown, or rubbed apart, processes calculated to distract all but strong-minded neighbors, to say nothing of the anxious liturgical student. Particular agility is required to find three different Sunday collects and secrets and still not be left behind. As for anniversary Masses for the dead, it is almost impossible to come out exactly, because of the difficulty of knowing just which anniversary is being celebrated. The great time for distraction comes at the commemorations of the living and the dead. Here the mind wanders unless severely kept in check. On the very rare occasions when you get to the *Nobis quoque peccatoribus* or the *Pater noster* (both good checking-up points) ahead of the priest and wait for him, you generally recover from wool-gathering hopelessly in the rear.

But seriously it is safe to say that using a missal stimulates the desire to attend Mass more frequently as well as more purposefully. One learns to look ahead, to be aware of special feasts, and thus to join with the Church in thanking "God Who dost gladden us with the yearly festival" of whoever the saint may be. And yet you may be disappointed. You may for instance rush out to Mass in honor of Saints Cosmas and Damian, remembering they are so important as to be mentioned in the canon, and anticipating the splendor of the glowing red vestments of the day. You arrive and find the priest arrayed in black for an anniversary. It has been urged that people have the Mass of the day said for the dead, and perhaps we could be educated to do so.

There are numerous specific rewards in following daily and Sunday Masses with a missal. We develop an affection for particular passages that become familiar through repetition, but this very affection, alas, is all too likely to be a source of distraction. We find ourselves starting a train of private reflection encountering such favorite bits.

Who has not been thrilled by St. Paul's exhortations on the way to live the Christian life, or by such harrowing narratives as the account of his escape from arrest by being let down from a window in a basket? Then there are the special Masses such as the great one for Corpus Christi written by Saint Thomas Aquinas. The one for the feast in honor of the apparition at Lourdes contains the lovely lines from the Book of Wisdom, "The flowers have appeared in our land, the time of pruning is come: the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." (What gardener or naturalist could remain undistracted through that? or through similar passages from the same source on Saint Rita's feast?) Certain beautiful collects recur through the year like the one read on feasts of confessors that speaks of such just men flourishing like the palm tree. Enchanting image! The nuptial Mass is also of great beauty, although somewhat terrifying in its reference to the wife as the fruitful vine and the children as olive plants around the table. Considering that one can have but one such mass in a lifetime, it would seem most neglectful not to follow that one meticulously.

The Mass for doctors of the Church is particularly fine. In one place they are referred to as "clothed in a robe of glory." In the epistle there is an enchanting excerpt from the epistle of St. Paul to Timothy, in which Paul gives his friend a few pointers on preaching and prepares him for disappointment with those witless people that have "itching ears" and follow false teachers. In the gospel for this Mass there is a sentence that runs through the mind with the compulsion of certain snatches of song. It is a remark of Jesus to the disciples: "You are the salt of the earth; but if the salt lose its savor, wherewith shall it be salted?"

Another particularly beautiful Mass is that read on feasts that commemorate the dedication of a church, as on November 18 when we recall the dedication of the basilicas of Saint Peter and Saint Paul. The gospel for the feast taken from Saint Luke tells a delightful story of the undersized publican Zachaeus climbing a sycamore tree to get a good look at our Lord as He preached, and then coming down to invite Him into his house. What a striking testimony to the attractiveness of Jesus!

Holy Week without some sort of missal is one long distraction. Tenebrae without a text becomes just a sort of solemn concert. On Holy Saturday morning, too, reading all the blessings and prophecies helps to keep one from waiting too impatiently for the clamor of the bells and the burst of candle-light in the Mass to follow.

It would be too bad, however, to know all about the liturgy too quickly. Ignorance permits of anticipation.

Five

Here we sit five, assembled in this room,
Not met before yet settled through the gloom
Of a house at twilight into common sense
That life is not so riving, but immense
In its control of our disparate ways
Toward the one word that masters all our days—
Unspoken, unintelligible, unheard:
In the beginning was the God, the Word
That makes of five of us, each mother's son,
Not five, four, three, nor two, but only One.

WITTER BYNNER.

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SPANISH WAR PSYCHOLOGY

By PETER ARRUPE

Spain's civil war drags wearily on, and it is difficult to secure information from the scene of action. But discussion of what evoked the crisis is possible and valuable. Particularly if the author be, like Father Arrupe, entirely familiar with the life and history of Spain. He concerns himself primarily with the psychology of the Spanish people, holding that the very prevalence of religious faith led, once that faith became secularized and revolutionary, to excesses. We realize fully that the paper is in some respects partizan.—The Editors.

AS THE smoke of battle grows denser and denser in Spain the bewilderment of the foreign press becomes correspondingly more pronounced. To a Spaniard the reason for many of the misconceptions is evident enough. The press has failed to notice the important fact that for some months the entire nature and meaning of the war have been undergoing a thorough transformation.

Most persons outside of Spain have seen in this strife nothing save the incomprehensible episode of a worldwide conflict between Fascism and Communism in Catholic Spain. They point to hundreds of ruined churches and ask: "Where is the Catholicism of Spain?" Then, they go on to opine, Russia and France are aiding the Government; Germany and Italy, Franco. This, they say, is proof of the Fascistic-Communistic opposition.

In the present article we shall pass over the international aspect of the struggle. It is true that, since the drive on Madrid began, the conflict has been assuming more and more the nature of an international war; but this was not true when the struggle began: neither is it the meaning of the conflict in the minds of the Spaniards. Consequently, to attempt to fathom its meaning by weighing the amount of help received from foreign powers by one side or the other, is to run the risk of error; and to see in the war a proof of the weakness of Spanish Catholicism is simply to blunder from start to finish.

The true meaning of this civil strife can be summed up in one short phrase: the war is the outward expression of a profound crisis inside the nation's Catholic soul. In this light we shall be able to understand the generosity, the sacrifice, the heroism, and the idealism; as well as the cruelty, the brutality and the barbarity we witness in Spain today.

Every people has its peculiar traits, and Spain is no exception. Yet besides certain common notes the Spanish people displays pronounced regional differences. The joviality of the Andalusian stands in sharp contrast with the serene gravity of the Castilian, and the Navarrese ardor—the vine which sprouted Xavier—seems poles apart from Galician indecision; to say nothing of the Basques whose racial origin still remains unknown. Still, there is one chord which has for centuries vibrated in perfect unison in all Spaniards—their Catholic Faith. Pure, strong, deep, and centuries old, *la fe* is no mere veneer of the Spaniard's character; but something so ingrained and deeply rooted in his soul that it forms a second nature.

The life of the Spanish proletariat was never idyllic. The worker was exploited, and property was poorly distributed among the nation's inhabitants. The life of the laborer was hard, but, until the present century, he had no thought of social reforms or economic revolutions. He suffered, but found his consolation in the religious truths learned at his mother's knees. The Andalusian *cortijero* (peasant), with his moderate labor beneath his ever sunny heavens, his dish of *gazpacho* and his *guitarra,* offered his little troubles with genuine satisfaction of soul to his *Virgen de la Macarena,* patroness of Seville. The Basque *caserо* (husbandman), with a countenance grave as the cloudy sky of his native land, passed a happy life content with his little *caserío* (homestead). His only aspiration was to offer a large family of healthy children to the *Virgen de Begoña* or *de Aránzazu,* patroness respectively of *Vizcaya* and *Guipúzcoa.*

Then Socialism, disguised as an economic theory which would "rescue the proletariat," found its way into the country. Precisely because he is so profoundly religious, the Spanish worker soon developed his Socialism into Communism, and then carried his Communism to brutality. The Spaniards who enjoyed economic security kept their heads level enough to see that these "social" theories were rooted in atheism, and so rejected them without hesitation. The case of the worker, however, was different, for, with his reason befogged for the moment by the specious promises of economic betterment, he began to give ear to these "moderate" social teachings. Finally, the pressure applied by the socialist agitators and furthered by the radical Spanish government became so great, that the worker had to resign himself either to do without work or to affiliate with Socialism. Under duress he chose the latter.

The dreadful consequences of this choice were soon apparent. The Spanish laborer was *obliged* to receive every day the product of the Socialistic

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press, and to coat his soul with a layer of anti-religious ideas completely at odds with his ancient beliefs. "Religion is the opium of the masses. The Faith is only a farce. The priest is nothing but an impostor."

The impact of the two philosophies at war within his soul soon brought on a great catastrophe. As the new ideas overshadowed his soul like a cloud of smoke suffocating his deepest convictions, the consolation hitherto brought him by the great truths of his Faith went out of his life. Then the Spanish worker went further. If the premises of Socialism were true, why not draw the conclusion? That conclusion was Communism. If the Faith he had prized as the firmest thing on earth was a farce, how could it be otherwise with anything else? Authority, patriotism, and property rights—nay, all institutions—were tottering, shattered at their very base. A feeling of desperation seized upon his soul. Such was the nature of Communism in Spain. Desperate masses! They once possessed deep faith; now, almost unwittingly they still possessed it, nearly stifled though it was under the clouds of revolutionary ideas.

After the World War the red terror spread over Spain to an astonishing degree. In his attempt to tear out his Faith, the Spanish communist neophyte also uprooted his reason; for, to all appearances, on ceasing to be a Catholic he also ceased to be a man. His passions then found themselves without restraint. In the industrial cities low characters, often in crowds, were seen wandering about the streets; and, then, the words of Schiller were fully verified "Nothing holy is left, all reverence is gone. Good gives place to Evil, and in perfect freedom all vices stalk about." Men so furious seemed led by some possessing demon rather than by their own free wills.

The priest was the first object of destruction. In the Diocese of Toledo more than 90 percent of the priests have perished. Why? The orders from Moscow explain the executions; but not their brutality. To cite one example, the people of Talavera nailed a priest to a cross and allowed him to hang there for many hours before he died. Did the laborers deem the priest an ally of capitalism? So we have read time and again, but those who speak in this wise seem to forget that the first episcopal residence destroyed was that at Malaga, the home of a bishop long renowned as the best friend of the poor. They likewise overlook the fact that one of the first buildings fed to the flames in Madrid was the I.C.A.I. (*Instituto Catolico de Artes y Industrias*). Here, Father del Pulgar had taught trades, free of charge, to thousands of workers, only to see—as I myself heard him recount—these same workers setting fire to the very apparatus to which they owed their employment! What sort of allies of Capitalism, too, would the Salesian Fathers be, who were giving free education to thousands of the workers' children? No, the priest was not killed as a friend of Capitalism. He was slain because he was the foremost enemy of atheistic Communism. Communism, by its very nature, would put all priests to death; and to death the Spanish communistic laborers added gruesome torture. They did this, because they saw in the priest a symbol of religion, for in these desperate men the sight of a priest evokes bitterest remorse of conscience, and reminds these one-time Catholics of the happy days now gone. From his earliest childhood the present-day Spanish Communist lived on terms of closest intimacy with the priest, but now his outlook has been so soured by atheistic propaganda that he thinks he no longer believes. Deep down in this soul, however, his Faith remains. No wonder such inward turmoil explodes in violence.

Someone has spoken of the Messianic consciousness of the Russian people which fancies itself possessed of a redemptive mission towards the rest of mankind. At the present time the Spanish people entertains no such consciousness: on the contrary, it is but too convinced that its rôle in international problems is quite small. If a Spaniard wishes to extol his country, he gazes on the past without thought of her mission for the future. Still, while harboring little in the way of international aspirations he has clung tightly to a strong consciousness of individual worth. His country may not be very important in the world drama of today, but, as an individual, he is willing to yield to no one on earth in regard to nobility. A certain individualism is a prominent trait of his race; and the personality of a true Spaniard is perfected and elevated by the Faith.

Hence it is that those who his disowned *la fe* have lost with it their very personality and transformed themselves into demoralized crowds. In Spain, more than in any other country, the communistic collectivists look like flocks of sheep. They have sacrificed their consciousness of individual worth, without acquiring an awareness of membership in an organization or enthusiasm for its ideals. This loss of personal dignity wrought a profound change in the character of many Spaniards. In Holy Week men paused before the statue of *Christo del Buen Poder* and sang to Him those *saetas* which reveal the refined delicacy of noble souls. Only a few weeks later those same men were martyring priests and babes with the last refinements of cruelty.

A celebrated German psychiatrist has stated that 80 percent of mental derangements trace their origin to anxiety over religious matters. This explains, partially at least, why such a mania for destruction and incendiarism has broken loose in Spain. We seem to find ourselves in a huge insane asylum crowded with pyromaniacs. It simply proves that the religious conflict had taken

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on gigantic proportions. Underneath those strata of anti-religious ideas lay others of the still glowing coals of faith. The Spanish Communist has been destroying the symbols of the Faith and desecrating its sanctuaries, in spite of the fact that *la fe* still lives in his soul. A horrible anomaly indeed, but a real one! To believe and yet to raze the most sacred tokens of one's belief! Two hundred Communists went the extremes of sacrilege in profaning consecrated hosts in Madrid. A few hours later they were ambushed by an insurgent force in the Guadarramas, and immediately shouted for priests to shrive them before they should die. What struggles, what strife must have been going on within their consciences! How often this has occurred throughout these months of battle! The struggle with Communism—now sundering the nation—became so fierce, because it is but the outward projection of another struggle deep within the conscience of the individual. The soul of the Spanish Communist is rent to the very bottom of its being: this explains why the external manifestations are so unbelievably brutal.

The conflict assumed such proportions in Spain, not because her Catholicism was weaker than in other countries; but precisely because the Faith they were trying to uproot meant so much to them. Other nations have lived without the Faith for many centuries; but Spain still has *la fe* as the timber of her national glory, and the sinew of life for each of her sons.

Those Spaniards who possessed sufficient means to remain independent were faithful to the old beliefs and saw with alarm the dreadful consequences trailing the apostasy of their countrymen and the terrible danger threatening themselves, their children, and their country. Communism was bringing about the death of the Faith and the Church in Spain. Hence the souls of those still healthy and genuinely Spanish people were seething, and moment by moment the pressure increased. Repression by the Leftist government prevented these pent-up energies from going into action; but, when Franco's bold movement allowed an external manifestation, it had but few equals in history. Many gave vent to their emotions in external demonstrations; the feelings of others, while less manifest, were every bit as deep.

They were fighting, too, solely for Christ the King. One day an officer exclaimed in a moment of impatience, "Say, that's enough of this 'Christ the King.'" Characteristic, indeed, was the reply shot back by one young brave: *"Mi capitán,* were it not for *Cristo Rey, España* would have to get along without a single soldier from Navarre."

To know the depth of meaning behind that pithy reply one must have felt the pulse of Spanish patriotism with all its peculiar traits. This war is not being fought for the Republic, nor the Monarchy, nor Spain as such, but for the Catholic Spain of glorious traditions. The Faith is the bond of unity among all the combatants of the Right. A partition of the nation might perhaps be tolerated, but a Spain without *la fe*—never that! Rather a dismembered nation than a Spain without God. This does not argue a lack of patriotism in Spain: it is patriotism of the best brand. There is not nor can there be anything but one, great, Catholic Spain; and, hence, one who fights for Spain must fight for the Faith. Such are the deep convictions of those Spaniards who joyfully offer their lives for their country in the forces of the Right. War is waged against Communism, because it is the foe of religion, and—as such—also the foe of Spain.

When the war broke out the Fascist party was but one of many fighting in the army of Franco. Franco himself was not fighting for the Fascist ideal, except in so far as Fascists together with Traditionalists, Agrarians, and members of the Popular Action Party and other groups comprising the Right were aiding him in the conflict. All these forces rallied for one ideal, the expulsion of Communism from Spain.

So great has been the aid received from France and Russia by Spanish Communism, that for the present Franco's triumphal march has been retarded. In addition to complicating the situation within Spain, this foreign intervention has transferred Spain's domestic concern to the international field. That is why the war has taken on a new meaning, for it is now regarded by the world at large merely as a part of the world wide opposition between Fascism and Communism. For the Spaniards, however, it has another meaning, a national one, the only one it had at the start—the salvation of their country, and the restoration of the Catholic Spain of glorious traditions.

The Spanish people, by bleeding so freely in the present war, has merited the gratitude of all the world; for it has displayed to all nations the horrible consequences of atheistic Communism whose vintage it is drinking to the bitter dregs. It has stripped Communism of its specious garb, and with a practical insight comparable to the speculative acumen of its 16th century scholastics, has exposed to plain view the most vital problem of today. This problem—the child of atheistic Communism—is that indescribable struggle, which first tears asunder individual consciences, and then mangles a nation in bloody conflicts. Today the world stands aghast at the river of blood devastating Spain. We should reflect, however, that Spain may be preventing that same river from deluging all the earth. Spain is now the victim; but may it not be that she is likewise a dike obstructing Communism in its triumphal march through the world? Will this struggle not be, perhaps, a repetition of the reconquest of Europe from Islam?

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REVOLUTION BY CHEMISTRY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

THE CHEMISTS have it largely in their power to determine the future political and economic history of the United States. This is neither a figure of speech nor a flattering exaggeration. It is merely a terse statement of fact.

The chemists are on the verge of obliterating the historic differences between farm and city—those differences in economic objective and self-interest which have made and smashed great political parties, started the periodic fires of inflation, set West against East, and foredoomed the failure of every farmer-labor coalition. What the chemists are doing to change all this is no secret. The newspapers are full of it. But the public so far has failed to catch its significance and to see the magnitude of the economic revolution it portends. The fact is this—that the chemists are discovering ways and means to transform farm products into industrial raw materials. This means that the farmer will no longer be dependent on the food-consuming capacity of the public and will share directly in the cyclical growth of an industrial age. The farmer will become as intimate a part of the industrial scheme as the mine worker or the quarryman or the lumberjack.

As usual, the public apathy in the face of this extraordinary possibility is due chiefly to mental inertia in higher places, among the banking and industrial leaders. They are so preoccupied with their immediate plans and problems that their springs of imagination have run dry. Henry Ford, of course, is the quaint exception. This most radical of all industrialists has not only set aside a large experimental acreage for the cultivation of the humble soy bean, but has also set an expert chemical research staff the task of converting this bean into important automobile parts. But how many bankers take the time to tell us that due to chemistry, the days of currency inflation politics in the agricultural states are almost over, that one of the greatest enemies of sound finance is about to be killed and buried forever? How many large industrialists stop their sales chatter long enough to tell us that the farmers will soon be not merely a "market" for manufactured products, but also full grown industrialists in their own right?

Suppose we look at the American farm scene in common-sense perspective. What has been the farmer's part, up to now, in American political and economic life?

Above all—and for good reasons—he has been an apostle of high prices. Let us agree at once that the American people could eat more bread, cereals and vegetables than they have ever eaten in the past, that millions of families still live on far less than "Class A" diets, and that a higher living standard for the great masses would undoubtedly absorb all that the farmers are now producing on their present acreage, and much more to boot. It would still be true that, with modern agricultural technique, the farmers could easily produce enough to meet this increased demand without remotely approaching maximum "capacity." In other words, the farmer produces something for which—as the economists would say—there is an "inelastic demand." Once the food desires of the population are satisfied, the farmer can do nothing to improve his annual earning power except to seek higher prices for his bushels. Since human eating power limits the total number of bushels he can sell, his only chance of making more money is to get more money for each bushel sold. That is why he is inevitably and inexorably an apostle of high prices. That is why he is the natural enemy of the industrial laborers who want their food at low prices in order to boost their own standard of living.

In politics, the industrial East and Midwest have thoroughly enjoyed the process of ripping the farmers to pieces as "sons of the Wild Jackass." They have mistaken the farmer's inflation zeal for sheer hick ignorance. The trouble is that they have never looked the farmer's problem squarely in the jaw. The "jackass" happens to know his own problem intimately, and to be ready to fight for the one solution on his horizon, higher and still higher prices. He is a little tired of being told that he has chosen "a way of life" and ought to be content with a fixed limit to his earnings in exchange for his freedom from carbon monoxide gas, hard pavements, and tenement stairs. It just happens that he, too, might like the consolation of a winter in Florida or of a January cruise to the Mediterranean. When the thermometer hits thirty below zero and the snow reaches the roof, the farmer does have the temerity to think that almost any "way of life" can be enriched by variety. Making just enough to pay off the mortgage and to buy a radio for interminable winter evenings may be very rugged and very individual, and very much in keeping with the city man's concept of rural contentment and prosperity, but the farmer knows better. His only possible answer—so far—is to say, "Give me more per bushel, and I'll show you what a good time at Miami Beach really means!"

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The bread and butter and travel leisure of industry come in a very different way. Industry can make plenty of money at a low price level. The reason is simple—even though it escapes most of us in our vast preoccupation with day to day living. The products of industry, in the large sense, have an "elastic demand." We may not be able to eat more than three meals a day, but we can certainly wear more than three pairs of shoes a year and even drive more than one automobile per family. The lower prices go, the more goods we show ourselves ready to use, and the higher goes our standard of living. At low prices, the manufacturer may make a very small profit on each pair of shoes or on each automobile, but on an ever mounting volume of sales, the combined unit profits add up in the course of a year to a very handsome profit on his capital investment. Not only this, but the growing aggregate profits make it possible and highly desirable to pass on a share of these profits to industrial laborers in the form of higher wages. With higher wages and low or lowering prices, the laborers, in turn, become heavier consumers of industrial products. Thus the whole philosophy of a rising standard of living in a machine age springs from the elastic demand for industrial products combined with the elastic capacity of machine production.

The enlightened objective of industry is to make more and more goods at lower and lower prices and at lower and lower unit profit margins to the enormous benefit of labor and capital alike. Small wonder, then, that industry looks askance at the farmer for whom nature has set a fixed output—the human eating capacity—and whose one hope of a more abundant life is to get a higher and higher price for each unit produced. The conflict is not between "right minded" and "wrong minded" groups; it is between two "right minded" groups, each right within its own economy. The farmer must put his hopes in a "price economy"; the industrialist must continue to live in a "turnover economy."

Here, then, we discover the inescapable conflict which has split America wide open in politics and economics for the better part of two hundred years, setting farm against factory, agricultural West against manufacturing East. When Henry Ford demonstrated to an astonished industrial world that he could both reduce the prices of cars and raise the wages of workers, and still increase annual profits, he showed once and for all that the only serious problem for industry was one of proportion—of how much should go to capital and how much to labor. Capital and labor in industry can reach a fair adjustment on a basis of enlightened self-interest. But nothing the farmer could do, up to now, would increase the ultimate human capacity to eat. His whole future depended not on how much he could produce, but on how much he could persuade millions of people to pay for the privilege of eating at all. His may have been our "basic industry," but it could never rise above a very low base indeed, without the help of higher prices. There was no method of adjustment other than constant price warfare—and our whole political and economic history has rocked with the violence of that war.

But today the chemist fosters a revolution. He says to the farmer, in effect, "Give me a few more years, and I shall free you from slavery to the human stomach. Give me time, financial resources and encouragement, and I shall show the industrial world how to make newsprint paper from the husks you now throw away, fireproof building materials from your surplus crops, piano keys, insulating blocks, ash trays, desk sets, waterproof fabrics, window frames and perhaps even automobile bodies, not to mention new materials for shoes, from those little soy beans you are learning to plant in exhausted soil. Let me show the industrial world what I can do with alcohol, not as a beverage, but as a fuel and as a solvent in a hundred manufacturing processes. When I have done this, and much more, you will find that you are at last a part of industry itself, that as demand for factory products rises, the demand for your raw materials will rise, too, just as the demand for copper and iron and nickel rise. People will begin to wear and use the converted products of your farms as freely as they now use the converted trees of the forests, the converted metals from the mines and the converted stones from the quarries. Your economic welfare and that of industry will be inseparable, not only because people will eat a little more in prosperous times, but because you will now be able to lower prices the way industry does in the certainty that lower prices will bring greater and greater demand and increase the profits on your investment in land."

Of course, the mere converting of farm lands into an industrial feeding system will bring no millenium. Farmers will continue to suffer in periods of depression exactly as copper and iron miners suffer today. But the whole point of the farm revolution will be this, that whereas today the farmer is so dependent on high prices that he can often suffer acutely while industry is booming (as he actually did suffer in the post-war decade), tomorrow, under the impending transformation, he will prosper when industry prospers. His system of economy will be identical with that of industry, instead of being inherently and inescapably opposed to it. American life will have, for the first time in our history, the basis for economic unity between the farm and the city.

What will be the effects of such a revolution? It will obviously end the conflict between those who live by price and those who live by turnover. But will it raise other sources of conflict equally

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serious? Will it increase or diminish the aggregate stability of our national life?

The industrializing of the farm will inevitably extend to our entire body politic the present conflict of labor and capital. The farm laborer will have true common cause with the factory laborer and the miner. A "farmer-labor" political party will no longer be a self-contradiction. The farm owner and operator will have good reason to sit down amicably with the stockholders of industry and transportation. In fact, we shall be very apt to find large industries owning and operating their own farms to the same extent that they now own and operate their own mines and other sources of raw materials. Farm laborers will become as closely unionized as factory laborers are today. The great financial centers will be as deeply involved in "farm securities" as they now are in the stocks and bonds of mining companies. All this portends one thing, the intensification of the struggle of labor and capital. The problem of the proper distribution of income between owner and worker will become the dominant problem of the entire nation, from coast to coast, uncomplicated by the present inherent discord between farmers and industrial workers.

Will this second state be worse than the first? Probably not. The present conflict between the farmer and his price economy and the industrialist and his turnover economy is insoluble. But the distribution of income between owner and worker is not an insoluble riddle. We know that somewhere there is a minimum possibility of profit without which capital will not function. This implies a point of maximum profit-sharing for workers. When that point is reached, we shall be as close to a harmony of interests as we can ever hope to be under the capitalist system. High wages and relative security for the worker will insure a maximum buying power for industry's products. Theoretically, at least, such an adjustment is attainable. Moreover, its attainment should be vastly easier when everyone is working toward the common end of lowering prices and raising the living standard than when one enormous group, as today, is dedicated to raising prices and thereby curtailing the living standard.

Probably a far more serious result of industrial farming will be the impetus it will give to centralization of government. As financial operations extend to every major farm land in the country, it is inevitable that federal regulation will keep pace. The very fact that industrial farming will lessen the forces of sectionalism implies a weakening of sectional or state "rights" as a check upon the federal government. It is well for us to face this likelihood from the outset. The chemists are about to change many of the most deeply rooted traditions of American life and to accelerate the centralizing tendencies that already alarm those who adapt uneasily and slowly and like to mix a few memories of the horse with their enjoyment of the automobile. Our "checks and balances" of the future will have to be very different from those we have serenaded in the past. They will be economic, group against group, rather than political. In the end, the rights of the ultimate consumer will probably supplant the rights of states. The consumer will not remain forever a forgotten man.

At all events, and thanks to the chemist, the day is rapidly approaching when the farmer will forego his much touted "way of life" for a partnership in industrial profits, and it is certain that he will accept the change with something approaching a sardonic grin. For good or bad, and for whatever revolution it may bring in the entirety of American life, liberties, politics and economics, he is waiting for the promise of the chemists to come true—the chance to feed the crops from his soil into the furnaces and moulds and mills of the nation's industries.

SAINT MARY'S QUEST

By JULIA NOTT WAUGH

WE HAVE from time to time sad word from troubled Mexico. But here in Texas our brown-skinned population carries on its unchanging religious life, perpetuating the forms and ceremonies and customs which deep in the ideology of the old country were ingrafted in that of the new.

For two hundred years the novena called *Las Posadas,* to choose an example, has been a part of the Christmas celebration in the Mexican parishes of San Antonio. The word means simply "the shelters." And this ritual of the people, which is presented from December 16 through December 24, holds in memory those nine hard days when Mary on her ass, with Joseph beside her, journeyed toward Bethlehem and searched wearily through the streets of that crowded and not over hospitable village for a place to lay her head. We may find it in the cathedral of San Fernando, in any one of the lesser churches of the Mexican population, or perhaps in the garden of some poor woman's home. Let us go by preference to the church of the Immaculate Heart of Mary over on San Saba street, which is deep in the quarter. The big, stark church, somewhat in the Roman mould, is cold on December nights; and for *Las Posadas* it is dark, and but partly filled with the passive, unmoving figures of the Mexican race.

In this dim, cold, shadowy shrine, with its greenery embowered *nacimiento,* with pink roses lying palely against the gold panels of the altar, with shadows arching on the walls, rise the voices of priest and people in the recitation of the Rosary. Follows the lovely Litany of Loretto. Then, very casually at the chancel steps the procession forms—the cross-bearer in rose; a group of older women, white head and aging shoulders wound round with black *rebosos;* young mothers with babies held within

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their shawls, and very little solemn children plucking at their trailing skirts; men old and young in shoddy store-boughts, in patched jeans, occasionally a figure in the white cotton of the peasant; more occasionally, a dramatic-bodied Indian with coarse, low growing hair which gives the effect of a helmet above the face of a mystic; then a flock of *angelitas,* children of perhaps from four to twelve years, in gold crowns and robes of blue or rose or white; the *andas* on which stand "the holy pilgrims," Mary and Joseph, and the little ass, borne by four young girls. The priest in white vestments, attended by acolytes in red.

Lighted candles in hand, they move down the dusk-draped aisle, their voices carrying the strains of the special songs for this novena of the people. At the door they pause to sing the story of the Virgin and her spouse on that cold, weary, heartrending search for refuge, the need becoming every hour more urgent. They are refused, they must take up their quest anew. Down the aisle they move again, candles wavering, voices raised in song. Again they make their pitiful plea for some place to lay their tired bodies; again they are refused. On then they must go, singing still their Litany. A third time they pause to make their wounding supplication. The *andas* is borne into the vestibule. The doors are closed. A chorus without pleads to enter. The night is bitterly cold and dark and dreary, the winds blow and the blasts roar. Desperately does this woman, worn although she is so young and tender, need warmth and rest and shelter. Again the chorus of refusal. Then, without, voices upraised in the revelation: this is Mary Most Blessed, Mary chosen to be the mother of the baby King. Instantly the doors swing open. There is a burst of song. Into the church the wanderers come, met by a paean of welcome. It is not triumphant, rather is it poignantly sweet, this greeting to Saint Mary: she has found the stable where she may be of peaceful heart, where she may rest her tired young body; the manger where she shall lay, before the morning breaks, her little Son.

The procession moves up the aisle, still singing, and at the chancel steps people, angels, acolytes and priests pass back to their places. The priest who has remained tranquilly in the pulpit brings the novena to its conclusion Again the voices of the choir. Then, before the altar the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. At the end, the dark figures of the congregation move slowly, with a curious effect of unwillingness, from the church. There is music, but light after light goes out, and still kneel those quiet figures. When at last one moves, it is with the utmost deliberation, with a sense of backward leaning. But at length the dark, cold church is empty, awaiting in tranquil silence the light of dawn; or, if this be Christmas Eve, the swelling notes of the midnight Mass.

There is another way, even in San Antonio, to experience a variation of this pleasant, simple ritual. Here and there in the quarter a woman imbued with piety and endowed with delight in ceremonial, a woman who loves children and music and God, gathers about her the *niños* and *niñas* of her neighborhood for the novena celebrating those days of weary wandering. She has in her house, or perhaps in her garden, some humble sort of shrine. And on those nine nights of winter (they may be mild), she kneels before it reciting the Rosary, the children crowding like little birds behind her. Then, led by this shawl draped figure, lighted candles in hand, they make their way two by two, perhaps down a muddy alley, perhaps weaving between the irregularly placed houses of a corral, where even at this season are green, growing things; their pathway engoldened here and there by light falling through open doorways, they go singing in their small voices the litany appointed for this quest. And coming to the home of some poor Mexican family they mass before the door and sing the tale of the rigors of the night, the urgent need, making finally that wounding plea for refuge. It is denied. Again the plea. Again the refusal. Then Mary's revelation, the open door, the burst of welcoming song. They crowd into the poor house, this array of little children, and gather before the images of Holy Mary and her spouse—how large, how small, how poor, how fine, does not matter. The woman kneels, reciting the remaining verses of the novena for the day, the children responding. Against the walls, effacing themselves, the unmoving figures of their elders. Then there may be sweets, a very few, coffee perhaps, a sort of little party.

This observance, so simple, so full of charm, you may travel far to see. You may find it in the towns and on the remote *haciendas* of old Mexico. You may come on it in the village churches and on the ranches of New Mexico. You may hear and see and savor it in any church of the Mexican parishes, or in some humble home south of the city market in San Antonio.

Gates

The oranges at Jaffa gate
Are heaped in hills; men sell and buy
Or sit and watch the twisted road
Or David's tower against the sky.

The Golden Gate is walled with stone.
No king can pass nor prophet see
The valley of Jehosophat,
The olives of Gethsemane.

St. Stephen's is a quiet gate,
A simple door that lets in dawn.
Its hill, its walls, its ancient stones,
What strange things they have looked upon!

Asses, belabored, stumble past;
Traffickers clamor; priests debate;
A child begs alms; a blind man gropes
To sunshine at Damascus gate.

The world has narrow gates and wide.
Men seek their loves through all of them
And I have come here, seeking mine,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem!

SISTER M. MADELEVA.

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Seven Days' Survey

The Church.—February is Catholic Press Month in the United States. * * * Most Reverend Martin S. Gillet, O.P., Master General of the Dominicans, has issued a letter from Rome to the Dominican priests, Brothers, Sisters and tertiaries throughout the world to pray for the canonization of Martin de Porres, the Negro lay brother who died in 1639 and was beatified one hundred years ago. Father Gillet spoke of the millions of American Negroes outside the Church and said, "No better appeal can be set before so many souls than to place before their eyes the truly wonderful life of our humble Blessed, the glory of their race and an angel of charity, because of an apostolate which justly has been compared with that of Saint Vincent de Paul." * * * Bishop Michael J. Gallagher of Detroit died January 20 at the age of 70. A N.C.W.C. dispatch of January 16 told of Bishop Gallagher's establishment of a Catholic Culture Circle in every parish of his diocese, and summarized Bishop Gallagher's remarks on the automobile strike to the effect that "a 'sit-down' strike, if used only as a picketing measure and as a means of keeping out strikebreakers, is legitimate." * * * John L. Lewis, Charles M. Schwab, William Green, E. T. Weir, Homer Martin and William Knudsen have been asked to speak before the semi-monthly meetings of the National Catholic Alumni Federation of New York. * * * Some 150,000 citizens of the State of Vera Cruz, Mexico, have signed a petition demanding the restoration of religious worship in the State; it will be presented to the Chief Executive around February 1. * * * "L'Appel du Silence," a film which depicts the heroic life of Father Charles de Foucauld, who died as a hermit in the Sahara in 1916, has received the French cinema award for the best picture of the year. It was produced with the financial backing of a subscription raised by Catholics. * * * The recent joint pastoral of the Belgian bishops contains the following: "It is erroneous to consider any party as mandated by the Church; hence the Church cannot be held responsible for the political actions of some Catholics. Would not a dictatorship of Catholic inspiration do more evil on account of the enmity it would enkindle in many hearts and the terrible reaction which would occur when it fell?"

The Nation.—Unseasonable rains in the Ohio River valley brought floods which scientists said would last for a month and would bring greater, if less sudden and catastrophic, damage than the high waters of last spring. * * * The Soil Conservation Service announced that active field work for 10 projects in controlling erosion and conserving natural soil and water resources were concluded last year. There were 550 control projects being operated in 43 states. When completed, farmers voluntarily organized and a skeleton technical staff must continue work on a "maintenance basis" for about five more years. Proper general land use must, of course, continue indefinitely. * * * Resettlement Administration conferences brought out that 15,000 farm families have already moved from the drought area in the Dakotas, Kansas and Montana and reestablished themselves in Minnesota and the Pacific Northwest. In the Dakotas, 150,000 farm families—3 out of 4—are being supported by RA grants. And winter precipitation there is so far very low. * * * Canal plans, perennially popular in Congress, are again to the fore. The President announced he had continued conversations with Canada about the St. Lawrence water and power way. A bill will be introduced to Congress, as a trade and defense measure, to build the Nicaragua-Costa Rica canal at a cost of $722,000,000. The survey calls for a cut 172.8 miles long. * * * The experiment of Chelan, Washington, Townsendites went ahead in interesting fashion. In two days, the old-timer given the $200 to spend during the month within the town, had gotten rid of $82. His dollars are flagged so that when he spends them, and after that whenever they change hands again, a $.02 "kitty" is put aside. The "kitty"—the Townsend transaction tax—equaled $7.23 in the two days. Proponents hope it will equal $200 at the end of the month. * * * During 1936, WPA jobs were reduced by 738,686, the December total of 2,187,944 approaching closely to the President's budget estimate for the rest of the fiscal year: 2,000,000.

The Wide World.—French efforts to quiet the international situation led to two initial actions. First the visit of Dr. Hjalmar Schacht to Paris in connection with the discussion of trade relations was postponed when it was stated that France would make any agreement contingent upon the likelihood of arms reduction. Simultaneously General Hermann Goering was welcomed to Rome by Count Ciano; and it was reported two days later (January 15) that Germany and Italy would insist upon British guarantees that no Leftist radical government would rule Spain before agreeing to curtail assistance given to General Franco. Nevertheless later dispatches (January 17) declared that Mussolini, failing to see eye to eye with Goering, had proposed that a four-power pact be signed to insure "stabilization." This suggestion was designed primarily, commentators thought, to make possible some speedy moderate settlement of the Spanish embroglio. Meanwhile (January 16) the French ambassador to Germany had resumed discussions of a possible agreement on major issues with officials of the German Foreign Office. Never before has the general European situation been more cloudy, but these various pourparlers indicated at least that statesmen were endeavoring to cope with dangers of moment. Direct efforts to curb assistance to Spanish groups failed. France voted to stop volunteering if the Italians and Germans did; but these countered by

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border provinces. Russia also refused to act independently, averring that joint action alone could avail anything. * * * Actual fighting in Spain brought local Leftist successes near Madrid, but victory to Rightist forces marching on Malaga. Capture of this port would considerably extend General Franco's control of the southern coast line. Marbella, alleged to be the key to Malaga, was reported taken on January 18, by troops under the command of General Gonzalo de Llano. * * * Serious trouble appeared likely in Japan as rising living costs aroused storms of protest against the government's financial policies. Projected tax increases also created uneasiness in parliament. It was alleged that prices were 25 percent higher as a consequence of expenditures for the army and navy. In all probability, inflation was catching up with Japan. * * * A visit to Rome by leaders of the German hierarchy was variously interpreted. Officially it was denied that the journey had aught but the usual *ad limina* significance. Some believed, however, that the prelates had gone to confer about the decree obliging all young people to join the *Hitlerjugend* and affiliated organizations. Since this decree constitutes a serious violation of the Concordat, some such action may, indeed, have been taken. But definitive news is lacking. * * * Nazi efforts to salvage raw materials from wastage produced a crop of conservation theorists. One estimates that if dish water were retrieved and refined, the total saving in soap would be quite incalculable.

* * * *

Strikes.—On the West Coast, direct negotiations between sea strikers and owners offered some hope for settlement, although the longshoremen said their opponents were deliberately putting out unwarrantedly optimistic statements in order to put them in a bad light by denying them. The sailors' union was ready to take a referendum when the others finished negotiations. Longshoremen still held out on the question of pay, and, more importantly, penalties for breaking the agreement and the question of hours and overtime. Eastern sea strikers paraded through Washington, 1,200 strong, to protest the "continuous discharge book," and were said to have secured strong backing for the Sirovich resolution to add to the proposed Copeland bill, which would delay the institution of the discharge books for six months. The Masters, Mates and Pilots and the Marine Engineers called off their strike, started November 23, in Eastern ports. They had arranged several agreements getting their demands from companies, and besides, "the general situation on the East Coast has so developed as to prove embarrassing to the organizations." That is, unauthorized people speaking out of turn for them, and, presumably, the fights involved in being associated with a rank and file strike. * * * The automobile strike spread to the Briggs plant, body makers chiefly for Ford, where picket lines were roughly treated by police. Conciliation in the General Motors strike was rudely interrupted when the Flint Alliance, of non-United Automobile Workers employees and interested parties, sought and was promised an interview with William S. Knudsen. The U.A.W. strikers, calling this a breach of faith, thereupon refused to evacuate the plants, saying that it was impossible for France to carry out any such promise, since communist officials controlled the and the conference between the management and strikers was canceled. Governor Murphy and G.M. officials hurried to Washington. The Flint Alliance was persuaded to withdraw demands for an immediate conference with the company. Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., was busy conferring in Washington with Secretary Perkins, Governor Murphy and others. Public officials were working to bring Mr. Sloan and John L. Lewis together in a conference, these two men being considered the biggest bosses on the two sides. The union seems determined to confer with the corporation on a national basis, and the corporation was apparently attempting to avoid this, or make it mean as little as possible.

Notes on the European Situation.—Mr. Eden's addresses to the British people on foreign policy are often not models of either lucidity or absolute candor, but they have reflected increasing firmness with regard to European conditions. The famous Bradford speech, which declared that Great Britain could not be indifferent to events in the eastern section of the Continent, would not have been conceivable three months before it was uttered. The January 19th address to the House of Commons clearly established the British view that self-government must prevail in Spain, thus disassociating His Majesty's government from plans to establish either a "fascist" or a "proletarian" state in the land now torn by civil strife. These various remarks, when associated with many utterances by responsible English statesmen, indicate primarily that German efforts to offset the Franco-Russian pact by arousing fears that either Great Britain or Italy would rally to the side of Hitler have failed. Today the "encirclement" of Germany is no longer a myth. One notices, for example, a new note of confidence in imperiled countries like Czechoslovakia. There, responsible military authorities openly declared recently that the military weakness of the Prague government had been gravely overestimated. Assistance in time of trouble had been assured by both Russia and France, it was asserted. The feeling that with each month the chances in favor of a bold Nazi "stroke of desperation" are dwindling has increased as measures to assure efficient defensive armament and continuity of the food supply took effect. Open demands that Germany save itself by curtailing its military expenditures are repeated more vociferously now that the existence of strong opposition to those expenditures is evident in Germany itself. Berlin's autarchist economic program has likewise reached a point beyond which the government cannot go unless it secures abundant credit from outside. Laws decreeing that wheat bread must contain the whole grain are already in force, but there is no remedy for the resultant shortage of feed stuffs for animals. The supply of empty toothpaste tubes, now being collected from house to house, is likewise limited. It would therefore seem imperative that something be done to break the virtual blockade which Germany has established round about herself. At any rate considerations such as these appear to underlie current discussion abroad.

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Science and Religion.—Obituary notices of Freeman Hopwood, for years a militant atheist, stressed the fact that he had been influenced as a youth by the writings of Karl Marx. But Marx's philosophical views were the outgrowth of an assumed conflict between science and religion, which figured so prominently in nineteenth-century discussion. Today the struggle itself is not acute, but the effects are widely discernible in aloofness from religion and intellectualist indifference to "metaphysical" verities. Professor Karl Herzfeld, eminent Catholic University physicist, declared recently that in his opinion the great majority of younger American scientists were not hostile to religious belief. But it did not seem to them a matter of importance—they felt no need for faith, but were quite content to let those who want faith to have it. (We hope that the Professor can be induced to expound these reflections in some detail.) Meanwhile Professor Hugh Scott Taylor, head of the department of chemistry at Princeton University, told a New York Newman Club convention that study of the physical sciences confirmed religious faith. He felt that awareness of the fundamental verities upon which scientific inquiry rests must eventually impel students to recognize truths basic to the cosmos as a whole. Accordingly young Catholics can embark upon a scientific career without hesitation. They ought, indeed, to do so. "I know of no better way of proving the harmony between science and religion to our non-Catholic brethren than by Catholics entering the scientific life. We are not going to get anywhere by holding aloof." Referring to some difficulties often assumed to lie in wait for every venturesome person, Professor Taylor said that he had asked the Abbé Georges LeMaitre, Belgian priest scientist, what he would do if he were denounced to his superiors for heresy. The Abbé replied: "I will renounce every word I have ever written—every word, that is, except my mathematical formulas. These I would not renounce, because they are true." Lectures delivered not long ago by Professor Herbert G. Agar, now head-master of Newman School, propounded conclusions similar to those advanced by Professor Taylor.

Non-Catholic Religious Activities.—In speaking of the relations of Church and State at the twenty-fourth annual convention of the National Lutheran Educational Conference at Washington, Doctor Conrad Bergendoff declared, "The task of the Christian college is to produce a student who is definitely Christian in his faith and life and one who will advance the principles and the program of the Church as the only agency which can ultimately help the state." At a Presbyterian College Union dinner, January 11, A. C. Marts, acting president of Bucknell University, said, "There is something forgotten in American education. It is religion. It is training in moral character. Education has forgotten the only thing that brought it into being and made it vital—religion." Dr. Marts declared that colleges were founded not through love of science or love of art, but for the love of God. * * * In an interview given to the News Service of the National Conference of Jews and Christians, Frederick M. Thrasher, Associate Professor of Education at New York University, said, "Children of the congested districts gather where something is doing. A church might just as well be the gathering place as a school, a library, a tavern or an alley. The Church need not—probably should not—work alone on its problem. It can be a valuable partner and ally of other wholesome citizenship movements in giving more boys and girls the right kind of 'gang' life." Professor Thrasher cited Boy Scout activities, Hi-Y clubs and church boys' clubs as examples and spoke of the fine work being done in Los Angeles County to prevent juvenile delinquency. * * * The administrative group of the New York State Council of Churches and Religious Education has appointed a committee to investigate the feasibility of establishing a credit union to aid the ministers of the state in their personal finances, since at certain times of the year borrowing from the banks is said to be necessary for many of them.

Christians and Class War.—According to Bernard Kelly in the current issue of *Blackfriars,* English Dominican monthly, "The dynamic movement of capitalism considered in relation to its precise end of profit, and lacking all implied restraint to the intensity of the profit-making motive, deliberately cuts itself off from or refuses to be ruled by the moral law. . . . Not only must the Christian conscience reject the capitalistic economic motive, but also in so far as a Christian deliberately and freely uses the economic instruments which present themselves to him he is most strictly bound to change them, in accordance, not necessarily with a static conception of materially fixed social rightness, but with the movement of human perfection. . . . Since the Christian conscience has been sufficiently warned against taking the side of Marxian revolution, Christians will in fact, so long as they remain in a critical impotence and practical blindness, inevitably find themselves on the side of the oppressors of the laborer. For the class struggle is a reality of which, for us, the price of ignorance is the betrayal of the worker." To be worthy of the name, the Christian must view the class struggle with "1. A total detachment from the capitalist spirit. In response to the capitalist's 'We are not here for our health,' his reply must clearly be, 'We are here for our sanctification.' 2. A profound attachment to the cause of the oppressed. . . . Though the abandonment of that responsibility which the will owes to God leads directly in the present situation to one of two things, communist revolution or nationalist war, the only possible alternative to this abandonment is precisely the choice of the difficult; of the arduous task of building. . . . And it is the worker himself who must rebuild that responsibility which capitalism has banished from his working life. He can be helped to this task but he cannot be treated as if some slight adjustment in the technique of the system rendered it unnecessary." But "he can be helped by those alone who, being wholly given to Christ, are more destitute than himself."

The Abolition of Human Menaces.—According to the *Pullman News,* beds on trains will henceforth have sheets into which one can crawl without being an acrobat or losing one's temper. "This change in bedmaking style," muses the periodical, "is a great convenience, especially

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for restless sleepers. In addition, it makes it easier for a person going to bed to throw back the clothes." It is reported that a special invention was required to enable porters so to manipulate the bedding that a leg need not any longer have to serve as a crowbar. This will be good news to all potential slightly befuddled gentlemen, one of whom was observed not long ago being pushed by inches into a sleeping posture by a very amiable and humanitarian porter. The *Pullman News* does not refer to the gratitude bound to be felt by all persons of six feet or more who have hitherto slept, of necessity, at an angle of forty-six degrees after vigorous tugs in nearly all directions. Thus one human nuisance of magnitude has been abolished. The recently established Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Human Beings, of Stamford, Conn., lists a number of others against which action should be taken as speedily as possible. We quote some: the friendly person who telephones before eight in the morning; the drinking cup for which one puts a penny in the slot; the newspaper columnist who writes as if with two feet on the bar rail; seat money in church; dog licenses; pins in shirts; taxicabs making right turns against stop-lights; and each and every kind of a blotter that does not blot. It is, if we may credit the literature of the Society, most surprising that no presidential candidate has mentioned these and similar abuses in his campaign speeches.

* * * *

A Basque Speaks.—In the French Catholic weekly, *Sept,* an interview is reported with Mr. de Irujo, minister without portfolio in the present Spanish loyalist Cabinet. "But what we want to know is if the ferocious anti-clericalism which brings on these crimes is excused by the popular front government and if anticlericalism is a part of its program?" Mr. Irujo (who represents the Basques in the cabinet) replied: "No! If that were the program of the Spanish government, I, a Catholic, would not take part in it, and the Basques would not be with it. Our government has been constituted to resist a military, anti-democratic and anti-republican rebellion. It is not a government of class warfare. It is a republican government. . . . When the war has ended, when the Republic has conquered, the Constitution of 1931 will be applied intact, the freedom of religion will be reestablished. . . ." "But what will your Marxist colleagues in the government say then?" "You will permit me to point out that a while ago it was a communist cabinet minister of the present cabinet who demanded that a certain number of churches be opened in Madrid and in Valencia. The measure, accepted in principle by the government, has only been deferred in order not to give to the too numerous provocateurs in those cities the occasion to commit new crimes (if by chance a rebel advance occurred), by playing on the fears and hates of a too credulous population which is suffering, and thus lead to acts which would be irreparable." "Now, Mr. Secretary, can you tell us what the religious situation is in the Basque country?" "In the part occupied by the government not a priest has lost his life. All the churches are open. All religions freely exercise their cults. The few anticlerical attempts which there were, were quickly repressed." "In the occupied sections of the Basque country what is the situation of the clergy? . . ." "Here is the list of some of the priests shot by the rebels in the Basque country. Why? Because they were content to do their duty as priests, without wanting to choose such a political group or such another. Every day the list grows longer. . . . That is not at all surprising after all. . . . 'Francoism,' you see is basically pagan like Hitlerism, of which, as a matter of fact, it is the younger brother. As for the tolerance those people protest, just ask the Archbishop of Pamplona if it isn't true that he has been shut up for long weeks in his episcopal residence for having refused to say a Mass in memory only of the rebel soldiers. I do not speak, of course, of the practically complete disappearance of Protestant pastors, shot, in the territories occupied by the generals."

TVA Dispute.—A lengthy report published in the columns of the daily press, January 17, by Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, Chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority, was hailed as the opening gun of a campaign to bring about a showdown on the administration's public utility policy. Dr. Morgan spoke in measured tones, avoided personalities, and in general made a statement which was widely commended for its disinterestedness. He seemed to take it for granted that a period of transition from private to public ownership was in process, but in opposition to many of his associates believes "the manner in which we achieve our ends may have a more enduring influence on the country than the ends we may achieve." Senator Norris of Nebraska, for many years foe of public utilities, and David Lilienthal, TVA director in charge of the Federal power program, are outspoken in their opposition to conciliatory tactics in regard to the power companies. The tactics of the utilities in obtaining court injunctions against the sale of TVA power, like that of Judge Gore's in Nashville, have convinced them that the utility companies are out and out enemies. They vigorously oppose Dr. Morgan's proposal to pool their resources with private companies. Senator Norris believes that under the present system legal delays can hold up the federal power program for years. Mr. Roosevelt has not sided openly with either faction and on January 18 appointed a committee under Secretary Harold L. Ickes to recommend legislation on power that will establish a uniform government policy—though not necessarily uniform rates. This would apply not only to portions of the TVA but also to Boulder Dam and to the Bonneville project on the Columbia River, Oregon, which will have power available for distribution this year. In the meantime a contract with the Commonwealth and Southern, chief opponent of the TVA, comes up for renewal, February 3. Wall Street appeared undismayed by the impending attack on public utilities and the securities of these companies continued to rise. On January 19, a federal judge in Georgia issued an order temporarily countermanding a previous injunction and ruling that the TVA may proceed with its program in Georgia. This also opens the way for a permanent injunction against interference with the TVA by the Georgia Power Company.

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The Play and Screen

High Tor

THE AMERICAN theatre has long been waiting for Maxwell Anderson to give it the play it is in him to give. He almost did it in "Mary of Scotland"; in "Winterset" he made a brave attempt, but in "Winged Victory," the first of the three Anderson plays we are to see this season, he failed. And then just as we began to think that our hope was perhaps after all a mirage, and Anderson but another great dramatist that might have been, he gives us "High Tor"—and at last we have The Play. "High Tor" is denominated a "fantasy," and one or two reviewers have compared it to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; "The Tempest" would be an apter parallel. There is something, if not exactly Shakespearean, at least Elizabethan, in "High Tor." Almost alone of modern American playwrights Mr. Anderson is untroubled by the fashion of the hour. He writes in the grand manner, and this in no invidious sense. He sees life in the large, feeling it in its full richness, knowing that it is compounded of many things—of tragedy and comedy and farce, of humor and imagination, of poetry and horse-play. He knows that each of these has its place, and that no one excludes the other. In "High Tor" all these qualities exist, and all are interrelated and combined by a core of meaning. Far from being inchoate, the play is a unit, informed by a philosophy, albeit a pessimistic one, for the things of this world.

High Tor is a hill overlooking the Hudson at the Tappan Zee. Van Van Dorn owns it and refuses to sell it to a syndicate which is destroying the neighboring hills by quarrying. Two shysters, one of them a judge, have obtained a court order which will force Van to sell his hill at a low price, but just as they are about to set about it they are put into a steam-shovel by the ghosts of a crew of Dutch mariners who have inhabited the tor for two and a half centuries while waiting for the return of their ship to carry them back to Holland. Van has known these mariners, and Lise, the one girl on the ship, meets and falls in love with him. How the crooks are forced to give up their advantage, and how two gunmen are put to rout by the pistols of one of the ghostly sailors, furnish the humor, and gorgeous humor it is, of the play. Its poetry is in the scenes of Van's love for Lise, the symbol of his dreams; in Lise's pathetic knowledge that she is but a wraith; in Van's feeling for his hill; and finally in the philosophy of Van's Indian friend, who persuades him to sell the tor because as he says we must all live in the present, and can find our consolation in the fact that every race and every era in the end leave but a new set of ruins. This is the final philosophy of the play, a pessimistic, but as far as the things of this world are concerned, perhaps a just one. It is materialistic because Mr. Anderson stops half way along his road, but the spirit which leads him is neither petty nor ignoble, for that spirit is not one which rests content in the kingdom of this world.

Never before has Mr. Anderson proved himself so perfectly a master of the language, of a verse strong, flexible, yet subtle, and for the first time since "Mary of Scotland" his verse never gets in the way. The acting is admirable. Burgess Meredith as Van, Peggy Ashcroft as Lise, Charles D. Brown as the ghostly mariner, Harold Moffet and Thomas W. Ross as the two shysters are all admirable though a little more clarity of enunciation might be wished for on the part of Miss Ashcroft. Guthrie McClintic's direction and Jo Mielziner's settings are also of a high order. Yet first and foremost it is the play that is the thing.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Camille

ALEXANDER DUMAS' play and book stands the test of time well, five noted screen productions since 1917 preceding the one now bringing forth in the brilliance of modern technique as deep an emotional drama of tragic romance as was first touched by Mr. Dumas' original Marguerite Gautier, Parisian siren of the 1840's, whose love for the delicate flower identified her as the "Lady of the Camellias."

Greta Garbo's "Camille" is her first performance in more than a year; Robert Taylor's Armand Duval marks that meteoric star's first appearance opposite the Swedish actress. Their association should be continued. The consummate artist, Garbo, is a gayer and more sparkling person; her Marguerite is as beautiful and as sensitive as Alexander Dumas' original conception of the fragile semi-mondaine whose love of the pleasures and Parisian gaities of the day was abandoned for death in the arms of the one man she really loved.

It was a hopeless love that was nurtured by the coquette and the less sophisticated, lovesick youth of good family, and though they sought idyllic peace and happiness, beyond the pale, the lovers found only the law of right against wrong rising constantly to cloud their dream.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, acutely aware of the import of capable support, surrounded their two stars strongly, and although both Miss Garbo's and Mr. Taylor's work is as fine as any of their bright careers, their dozen attendants make meritorious characterizations which frequently shine in the same light as the top luminaries. Especially noteworthy are the performances of Henry Daniell, Lenore Ulric, Laura Hope Crews, Lionel Barrymore and Elizabeth Allan. Miss Garbo's assignment was wise—and it is remembered that many stage greats, Sarah Bernhardt, Helena Mojeska, Ada Grey, Olga Netherole and Mme. Duse, essayed this favorite rôle.

Though the famous old tale has been told and retold, its present massive staging, the brilliant costuming of the period, the sterling nature of the photography create a new freshness for the perennial charm of the play. Frances Marion, Zoë Akins and James Hilton appear to have worked in close harmony in fashioning their adaptation to the spirit of Mr. Dumas. The many moods are expressed admirably by Herbert Stothart's musical score, and George Cukor, whose "Little Women," "David Copperfield" and "Romeo and Juliet" won him acclaim as a superior director of films of the classics, staged "Camille" with the same opulence and lavish scope.

JAMES P. CUNNINGHAM.

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Communications

AN ALARMIST SPEAKS

San Francisco.

TO the Editor: Thoughtful Catholics are grateful to Father Smith and to THE COMMONWEAL for the provocative article—in the January 1st issue—"An Alarmist Speaks."

Too long have these obvious and damaging truths been soft-pedaled in Catholic pulpits and press. The "cloak of charity" has been grossly misused in an endeavor to suppress the facts of the exploitation and degradation of the poor in so-called Catholic countries. And in this present there is much denouncing of Communism—but very little talk of the injustices and abuses that bring it into being.

Here in the United States, despite the encyclicals on social justice, working men and women, fighting against injustice and exploitation, got very little articulate aid or encouragement from either press or pulpit.

How many of the clergy, bishops or priests, have publicly denounced the brutal and pagan means with which the wealth and the power of great industries crushed the various movements on the part of labor to obtain justice in wages and working conditions? In mills, mines, factories and shops, men, women and children were grossly overworked and underpaid—but in how many instances did their plight evoke any manifestation of moral indignation on the part of Catholics—cherical or lay?

In April, 1914, miners at Ludlow, Colorado, went on strike: These men earned on an average of $2.11 per day, and they worked on an average of 190 days per year. The militia was called out and they set fire to the tent colony of the miners and eleven children and two women perished in the fire. Was there any public expression of disapproval of this barbarous deed on the part of any Catholic organization? There seems to have been no protest, except the mute eloquence of an agnostic, wearing a band of crepe on his arm, who picketed the offices of the Standard Oil Company in New York City. And this brave expression of indignation was undoubtedly looked upon by the smug and complacent as the gesture of a radical or of one mentally unbalanced.

It would be well if other Catholic publications could be brought to realize that their equivocal attitude on social questions bids fair to alienate many sincere and enlightened Catholics.

M. P.

South Pasadena, Cal.

TO the Editor: In the January 1 number of THE COMMONWEAL the Reverend E. Harold Smith has an article entitled, "An Alarmist Speaks." In this he says, "An American priest who studied in Spain three years said that within the last twenty years there was a time when seven men controlled every acre in Spain."

A truly astonishing statement. Unfortunately it is only second-hand and cannot be pressed literally. I do not know just what "controlled every acre in Spain" means. Does this phrase mean that these seven men owned all the land in Spain? Or the cultivated soil?

Having copied and translated many hundreds of pages of Spanish manuscripts relating to this Western Coast, I hesitate to accept even the authority of someone who has stayed three years in Spain for such a general statement.

I have at hand the memorial volume for Mr. Andrew P. Shipman, who died in 1915-16. I corresponded with him on the subject of the Eastern Rites, and I know how very careful he was in every detail of what he treated. He was in Spain, I believe, to study the Mozarabic Rite, when the agitation over the trial of Francisco Ferrer was at its height. Shipman was also a contributor to the Catholic Encyclopedia, a lawyer, and a regent of a university. On page 9 of this memorial volume, "Spain of Today," he gives the following detailed statement of the taxpayers for real property, anterior to the date at which he writes (1910):

> Spain is a nation of small holders of real property, and has but comparatively few holders of large estates. Perhaps to this is due in a measure its poverty, for it is the small landowners rather than the manufacturer or trader who predominates. Of the 3,426,083 recorded assessments to the real property tax, there were 624,920 properties which paid a tax of from 1 to 10 *reales* ($.05 to $.50), 511,666 from 10 to 20 *reales*, 624,377 from 20 to 40 *reales*, 788,184 from 40 to 100 *reales*, 416,546 from 100 to 200 *reales*, 165,202 from 200 to 500 *reales* ($10 to $25); while the rest, to the number of 279,188, are larger estates which pay from 500 to 10,000 *reales*, and a few upwards. The number of small taxpayers deducted from the whole number (3,410,083 from 3,426,083) would leave a remnant of 16,000. About 80 percent of the soil is classed as productive.

Perhaps the original statement of the American priest ran like this: "In Spain there are just seven millionaires"—not men whose income is $1,000,000, but whose property capitalized is worth a million. (Or what was the statement as made originally?)

My study of Spanish statistics suggests that Spain must have been going backward since 1898 . . . in some respects. For those who make the Church responsible for a backwardness in education, I ask was the backwardness so apparent in 1800? In a recent issue of the *Nation*, Miss Anita Brenner castigated the authors of a book on Spain for talking about "the landed estates of the Church." All Church lands, etc., had been confiscated about 1837.

I may tell you that the Claretian priests of San Gabriel Mission and the Old Plaza Church of Los Angeles made very severe comments on the exactness of the statements made about Spain in many Catholic sources in this country.

Please be careful, you people in New York. We people in California have a Spanish background which you lack. The paper which contains the comments on some Catholic authorities is *La Esperanza*, a weekly magazine published and edited at San Gabriel Mission and the Plaza Church, North Main Street. The editor is Father Camilo Torrente, C.M.F., of San Gabriel Mission.

The conditions in Spain are not of ancient origin, but the result of industrialism in the last hundred years. Am I partly correct?

ANNA F. RUTH.

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APPRECIATION

Lenox, Mass.

TO the Editor: As a Protestant may I express my appreciation of two articles you have recently published? They are "Some Trends in Criticism," by William Franklin Sands, in the issue of December 25, and "An Alarmist Speaks," by E. Harold Smith.

The first article reveals an attitude on the part of Catholics which is persuasive to Protestants and which is conducive to the building of mutual understanding and better relations between the two groups.

The second writer appears to suggest that he feels the first duty of the Catholic Church in the matter of class strife to be the striving toward social justice rather than direct attacks on communist errors. It would seem that this would be much closer to the Christian way of going about things, since, despite all pious admonitions to the contrary course, in practise it will be very difficult to keep hate out of a direct frontal crusade against Communism. The best defense against Communism is to eradicate the injustice on which it feeds. To a Protestant mind who would welcome cooperation it seems too bad that the Pope should have asked for cooperation in a negative campaign against Communism rather than in a positive campaign for social justice.

WALTER HOUSTON CLARK.

IN OUR ARCHDIOCESE

Toronto, Ont.

TO the Editor: In an article entitled "In Our Archdiocese," in THE COMMONWEAL of December 11, "A Layman" considers it fitting to remain anonymous. The archdiocese, though not named, is described by characteristics which make it fairly possible for any Canadian to supply its name and rescue it from anonymity.

What the writer of the article has to say about Communism, its activities of press and club in Canada and the material achievements of the Soviet country is matter for wholesome meditation. So also is his conclusion that we should recognize the zeal, the justice, the constructive methods and the material progress of Communism while uniting among ourselves to combat by detachment and poverty the powers of darkness which inform its virtues with a militant atheism.

However, the appeal for cooperation among ourselves in combating the work of Satan would be more forceful if the other half of the picture were based on more complete information. Whether those who might be included among the "large number of perfectly useless, bourgeois Catholics" or in other groups referred to, consider themselves fairly dealt with, the present writer is not in a position to say. But the brief mention of "a million-dollar college and mother-house for the daughters of well-to-do Catholics" will undoubtedly seem unfair to the members of the community of such a mother-house. Making due allowance for a possible mistake in identity, it would seem that the cause of truth and charity would be served by a somewhat detailed statement with regard to a certain mother-house, boarding and day school in a certain archdiocese in Canada. It is reasonable to assume that many another "college and mother-house" in the length and broadth of North America may be in need of a similar defense in the minds of those who share the fears expressed by "A Layman."

The mother-house and school of which I write was built recently when congested industrial conditions in the city made it necessary to change the location of the school. It cost less than $800,000, of which $200,000 has so far been paid. The school portion of the building was equipped with every feature of a modern high-class private school at the definite instance of a former archbishop, a prelate well known for unworldliness, zeal for Catholic education and personal holiness. As yet this convent has no permanent chapel since no further indebtedness could be incurred. The community who had this building erected will complete in another ten years or so a centenary of service to Catholic education in Canada and the United States. They have not in this space of time become wealthy, thank God, nor have they received any appreciable benefactions. They carry unaided their heavy indebtedness, which is itself perhaps a help to perseverence in the detachment and poverty their vocation calls for. The fees of this school for the daughters of well-to-do Catholics are $150 per annum for day pupils and $600 per annum for boarders. The complete range of elementary and secondary education is provided for, as well as the supplementary branches of private education. The present number of pupils is about 250 and this number includes all Catholic day pupils of high school standing who make application at whatever terms they may be able to afford.

From this same mother-house there go out daily to the regular elementary schools of the city more than twice as many teachers as are engaged in the private school classes. Some of these schools are among the poorest of the city. On the whole the teaching members of this community are responsible for the education of some 20,000 children in the regular elementary schools of the country, besides providing secondary education in several centers. Numbers of the community teach vacation schools for catechism in the cities and not a few reside in twos and threes in isolated country parishes for the same purpose for from three to six weeks in the summer. The novitiate of the community is located here also and young religious are educated, sent to training schools and join the active work of the community often of a missionary character.

The ordinary routine work of education of the young lacks the spectacular element found in other works of Christian charity, but the religious to whom this task belongs as a life vocation trust humbly that they are doing the work of God and of His Church, however it may appear to onlookers. It would no doubt be a great encouragement to them if the Catholic laity had more appreciation for their efforts and more understanding of their ofttimes limited success. If this defense of this certain mother-house and school lead to any better understanding of what such an institution strives to do and induces even one onlooker to see what lies within some reputed "million-dollar college and mother-house" it may help to unite the forces whose energies should be closely joined.

A CANADIAN.

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Books

A Hindu Poet

The Collected Poems and Plays of Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

THERE are two things that everybody knows about Rabindranath Tagore. First, he won the Nobel prize a long time ago; 1913 was the year. Second, he has had among his audience a greater assortment of plain and fancy, professional and amateur, cultists and nuts than any writer in the history of the world. They were not the majority of his audience, but they were its most conspicuous element.

Now the question which this reviewer has set himself, in the absence of any other, is how to describe Tagore to a man who has never read him and probably never intends to do so. We might note that he has a mind which is conversational and familiar rather than academic, and as a result he does provide a large, diversified and sharply drawn collection of Indian personalities, also a vivid enough picture of his native setting, country, city, forest and field. It will not be necessary here to discuss his numerous proverbs, nor his meditations on the where and the whither, the real and the unreal. These only go to show that he is a Hindu poet, and not necessarily a mystic. They may constitute the most important section of his work to some people, but they are totally devoid of any fascination for us.

He has been compared to Walt Whitman, because of a similar range of sympathy and sentiment. Differences that should occur to anyone are that he has less drive and force than Walt Whitman, indeed he does not drive at all; second, he takes the oblique approach and not the direct; third, one of his most important qualities is a sense of humor.

If at times he writes with what seems to us a false sentiment, that is a danger which always accompanies the subjects he has chosen. He has for instance written much about children, and cannot at times refrain from repeating baby's bright sayings. That is all which this reviewer can discover in such poems as those called "Astronomer" and "Superior." There are others of another quality: "Sleep Stealer," "Fairyland," "The Rainy Day"—it is worth putting up with a few fond anecdotes in order to find these.

The poem called "Vocation" is a fair average sample of these poems of childhood. It begins like this:

> When the gong sounds ten in the morning and I walk to school by our lane,
> Every day I meet the hawker crying, "Bangles, crystal bangles!"
> There is nothing to hurry him on, there is no road he must take, no time when he must come home.
> I wish I were a hawker, spending my day in the road, crying, "Bangles, crystal bangles!"

And it ends like this:

> Just as it gets dark in the evening and my mother sends me to bed,
> I can see through my open window the watchman

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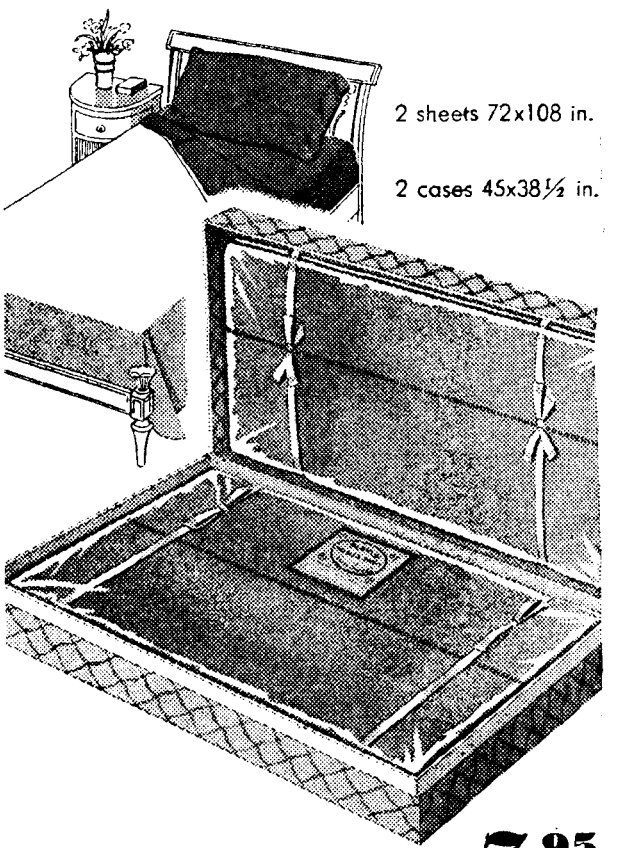

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walking up and down.

The lane is dark and lonely, and the street-lamp stands like a giant with one red eye in its head.

The watchman swings his lantern and walks with his shadow at his side, and never once goes to bed in his life.

I wish I were a watchman walking the streets all night, chasing the shadows with my lantern.

The volume under review also includes Tagore's plays. They are beautiful plays. With the play called "Post-office," most people are already familiar. It is such a play as Chekhov might have written, had Chekhov been a Hindu poet. There is a masque called "The Cycle of Spring" full of lively and excellent conversation. The prelude to this is better than Gilbert and Sullivan. It is a masque, as we have said, but it succeeds in being funny, and not at all fancy.

VINCENT ENGELS.

American Shrines

Old Historic Churches of America, by Edward F. Rines. New York: The Macmillan Company. $6.00.

MR. RINES'S book is, as he indicates, compounded of traditions. Early settlers built their villages around churches. Gradually the whole sea-coast area was dotted with beautiful houses of worship, mostly frame, in accordance with fine architectural models. Meanwhile Catholic missionaries in the far West had sought to win the Indians with gracious buildings, the very sight of which fills the American spectator of today with almost nostalgic longings for the past. Nor was the trek of the pioneer westward without its religious significance. The traveler is often astonished to find, in cities and towns of the Mississippi region, some church that is lovely in itself and beyond that a shrine of hallowed memories.

One feels greatly indebted to Mr. Rines for the care and patience he has expended on his book. It is first of all a guide to these, from the American point of view, ancient edifices. Nothing of importance has been neglected, the presentation is objective, and the evidence has been judiciously marshaled.

Underlying the compilation is a splendid scholarly zest. Perhaps, however, one ought to say primarily that it is interesting, for reasons of manner and method alike. A book like this can't decently be made to read "like a novel," but it should be and is attractive.

A special advantage of the volume is its illustrative material. How many of us realize that colonial times developed several distinct types of ecclesiastical building, each of them marvelously well suited to climes and creeds? Note for example just these three: the Mission San Jose de Aguapo, near San Antonio, the Presbyterian Church at Lewisburg, Virginia, and the Old Ship Meeting House, at Hingham, Massachusetts. To know that these structures exist and to visit them (and of course many others) understandingly and reverently is to acquire a deeper knowledge of the word American. Mr. Rines has therefore toiled in behalf of a good purpose.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

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Rather Sombre

Rose Deeprose, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

WON'T someone please convert some of the farmers of Kent? It would enrich not only the Kentish men but the readers of Sheila Kaye-Smith. Her novels, mulched in the soil, invariably bring me a picture of the black loam of muddy lanes and apple scents of Autumn. Never do her heroines seem to belong to the Spring. Rose Deeprose is no exception. She has an ingrained singleness of devotion that patterns her life with perverse tragedy. It begins with her parents. Having removed the magneto from her unsteady father's car, to safeguard her darling mother, Rose is instrumental in her mother's being killed by a horse! Then her beautiful girl friend, Christian, not only marries — very implausibly — Rose's widowed father and interferes with Rose's marriage but finally seduces Rose's husband. Thrust out of the house on a bleak October evening, however, Christian loses her way in the woods and providentially dies of pneumonia. For a short time then, Rose and her repentant husband are permitted to find united happiness in their child but, as they are cousins, the little girl proves to be feeble-minded and the husband, becoming furiously jealous over Rose's neurotic maternal devotion, decides that the child must be placed in an institution. Rose runs away with her idolized daughter, loses her way like Christian and, in some flooded meadows, decides on suicide. Her wild words after her rescue lead to a police inquest and trial for murder, as the child has been drowned; but she is acquitted. Rose goes home to her father and with the sinful Christian, the mulish husband—who shoots himself—and the wretched child all eliminated, we leave Rose corresponding with a nice man in India. Perhaps Rose will become less Kentishly intense. Miss Kaye-Smith always writes with distinction but with a tendency to underline the unhappiest moments. Quite some humor might have been extracted from the delicate social gradations and qualifications of a "gentleman farmer." The psychology is penetrating but we would welcome some of the spirituality that illumined "Mirror of the Months," and, oh so much, a hint of legitimate gaiety!

EUPHEMIA VAN RENSSELAER WYATT.

Moral Restraints

Catholicism, Protestantism and Capitalism, by Amintore Fanfani. New York: Sheed and Ward. $2.00.

FOR UPWARDS of thirty years a learned controversy has raged over the relation of Christianity, particularly Calvinism, and capitalism. Ever since Max Weber published his now famous articles on this subject, the question has remained alive. Weber's contention had been that the capitalist spirit manifested itself in an a-moral rationalization of the pursuit of economic gain, and that this spirit was fostered by the protestant doctrine of the calling. This doctrine, when taken together with the Calvinist idea of predestination, Weber argued, produced a relentless determination to succeed in order thus to secure some indication of divine favor (which would mitigate the fear of being amongst the damned). A num-

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ber of men, including Sombart, Tawney, Kraus, and most recently Robertson, have labored to disprove Weber's thesis by attacking one aspect or another.

Their failure to accomplish their purpose is attributable to the fact that a thesis cannot be disproved by addressing oneself to one part of it. Yet each of these critics has in his way contributed to a better understanding of the problem, and has necessitated a restatement of Weber's position in somewhat more refined terms. The present author has brought together these many strands into what constitutes a carefully guarded reassertion of the essential core of Weber's original thesis. According to Fanfani, Protestantism aided the unfolding of the capitalist spirit by removing moral restraints upon the conduct of business which Catholicism had maintained. It did so by eliminating good works as a means of salvation. "Protestantism encouraged capitalism inasmuch as it denied the relation between earthly action and eternal recompense (p. 205). But what it did in this respect, it did "beyond what the Reformers intended, for, dreaming of a return to the Gospels, they never suspected what would be the fruits of their action" (p. 209).

The author has, on the whole, done a good job, though he occasionally falls prey to the common fault of eclectic writers, of contradicting himself by confusing issues. For example, the statements of p. 126 conflict with earlier as well as later assertions, and again, the approvingly quoted sentence from Hauser, on p. 209, in which it is asserted that "Calvin . . . teaches that a Christian may *attain* salvation in his profession, etc.," contradicts his own better understanding, approving Weber's position as stated above in this review. The book can be recommended as the most balanced statement of this complicated subject we at present have.

Carl Joachim Friedrich.

The Sense of Fate

The Plays of Euripides; done into English by Moses Hadas, Ph.D., and John Harvey McLean, M.A. New York: The Dial Press. $2.75.

A NEW translation of the classics always invites the old question: is the book valuable to the general reader or to the expert? In this case the answer is simple. The present volume should satisfy both. The general reader who is only superficially acquainted with Greek tragedy will find in this prose rendition of the ten principal plays of Euripides a fascinating introduction to a dramatic literature hardly equaled by that of the Elizabethans; the student of the Greek will also be interested in a translation conceived and executed in the spirit of Verral's interpretation of Euripides as a rationalist.

Professors Hadas and McLean have testified once again to the inherent vitality of the Greek classics. In a translation remarkable alike for its sympathy with the original and its freedom from pseudo-poetic archaisms they have not only re-presented the deathless stories of Alcestis the perfect wife, of awful Medea the murderess of her own children, of Orestes driven by a bloody bridle by the avenging Furies, of Hermione and Helen and their fate-

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ful beauty, of lamentable Hecuba and the outraged Trojan women; they have also given us the sense of horror, nobility, blindness, of reeking perversion and godlike courage which are the contradictory signs of paganism. The tragedies themselves are more memorable than any save those of Shakespeare and Sophocles; the dark clouds out of which their lightnings flash are heavy with poisonous gloom.

The sense of fate is not however divorced from our own time. As the translators have sometimes overstressed in their introductions, Euripides lived in an age much like our own; an age which retained old religious forms but little real faith in the gods, an age scourged by war, tainted by hypocrisy and stormy with illicit passions. The modern reader need make few mental adjustments to find in the features of the Greek image the bitter and cynical lines characteristic of our own. Even modernism had its classic precedents.

Some scholars may be annoyed because the translators have underscored Euripides's rationalism rather heavily. Certainly there are times, especially in the "Andromache" and "Iphigenia at Aulis," when it seems that they are too anxious to make him more anti-theistic than the statement in the plays warrants. Others will be disappointed because the choruses have been rendered into prose with consequent loss of the remarkable antiphonal effects. To lend pungency to the expression some words have been intensified, perhaps with violence to the exact meaning. Whatever the qualifications, Euripides has been triumphantly revived.

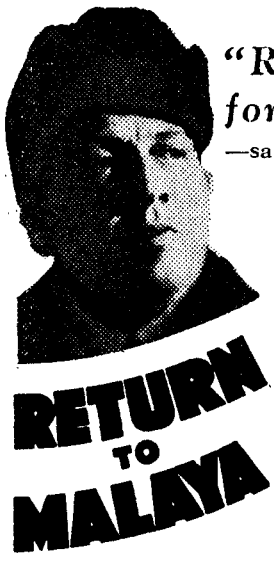
FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY.

The Science of Midas

Prelude to Chemistry, by John Read, F.R.S. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00.

ABOUT chemistry, its marvelous achievements and glorious history from Dalton and Davy to the modern Merlins of our great research laboratories, a great many people know a little and some know a great deal. Yet about the era which paved the way for all this—that fascinating age of alchemy wherein chemistry possessed such interesting links with history, literature, mythology, astrology, folk-lore, mysticism, philosophy, religion, pictorial art and even music—most of us are quite ignorant. Indeed, too many have been content with the notion that these were the dark ages when men, believing the primary elements to be few, sought through mysterious rites to transmute base metals into gold. But chemical educators realize the cultural value of the study of historical backgrounds and scholars like the present author and Professor Tenney L. Davis and others are developing an interesting and valuable literature of chemical history.

In the present volume Dr. Read, who is Professor of Chemistry and Director of the Chemical Research Laboratory in the United College of St. Salvator and St. Leonard in the University of St. Andrews, Scotland, gives us an outline of the literature and relationships of alchemy "from the temples of ancient China and Egypt to the gloomy cells of the 'puffers,' the cities, mines and monas-



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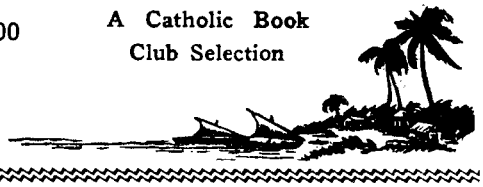

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teries of mediaeval Europe and the laboratories of Boyle and Lavoisier," presenting such romantic figures as Basil Valentine the "mighty king" of alchemy, Nicholas Flamel and his devoted Perrennelle, Black Berthold the experimenting monk of Freiburg, Agricola and his sprites of the mine, Abbot Cremer of Westminster, Daniel Stolcius and many others. It may occasion the reader some surprise to learn that the twelve great champions of chemistry include Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas.

The book is lucid, delightful, and abounds with rare illustrations of pictorial alchemy. A glossary and some twenty pages of bibliography and notes give an adequate explanation of the alchemical terms. Incidentally, the appendix also includes a generous sample of alchemical music. Worthy of its title, the "Prelude to Chemistry" should prove highly interesting and valuable reading to students of chemistry and the general reader as well.

ROBERT B. MORRISSEY.

Later Greek Builders

Hellenistic Architecture, by Theodore Fyfe. New York: The Macmillan Company (Cambridge University Press). $6.00.

ON A FOUNDATION of extreme study and first-hand investigation, Mr. Fyfe has set to work writing a useful introduction to Hellenistic architecture. The text frequently concerns itself with details, and necessarily so, but the arrangement and the discussion are lucid. One of the best chapters deals with the building of homes. The author defines "Hellenism" in a manner that invites agreement, and is fully conscious of the limitations of present knowledge. A wealth of drawings and photographs adds much to the value of the treatise. The volume is especially valuable to those concerned with the background of early Christian art.

Title page and index of volume 24 of THE COMMONWEAL *are now ready. They will be sent upon request—from the office of* THE COMMONWEAL, *386 4th Ave., New York, N. Y.*

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